

POLICE

COMICS

APRIL No. 65

**PLASTIC
MAN**

**RINGS THE BELL
ON CRIME!**

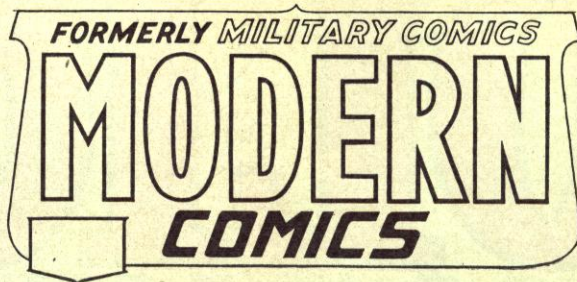
BONG!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

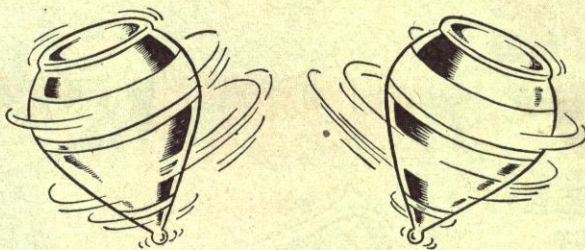




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



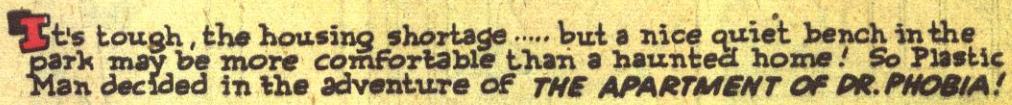
LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY

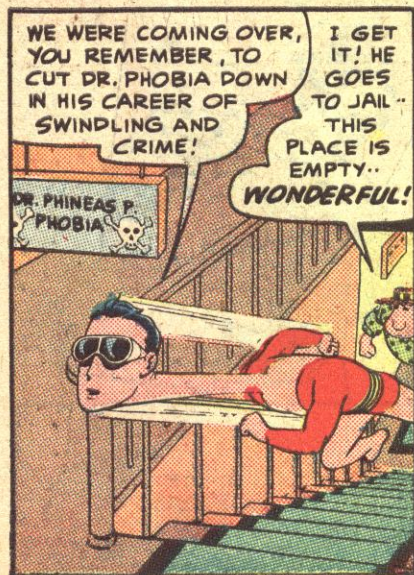
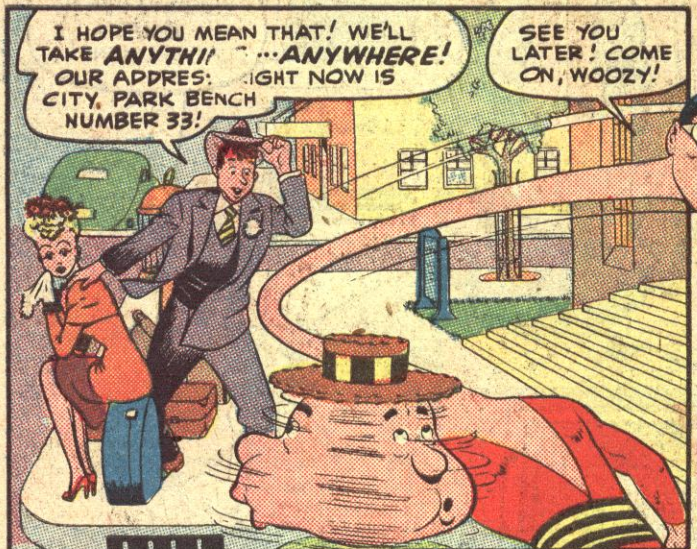
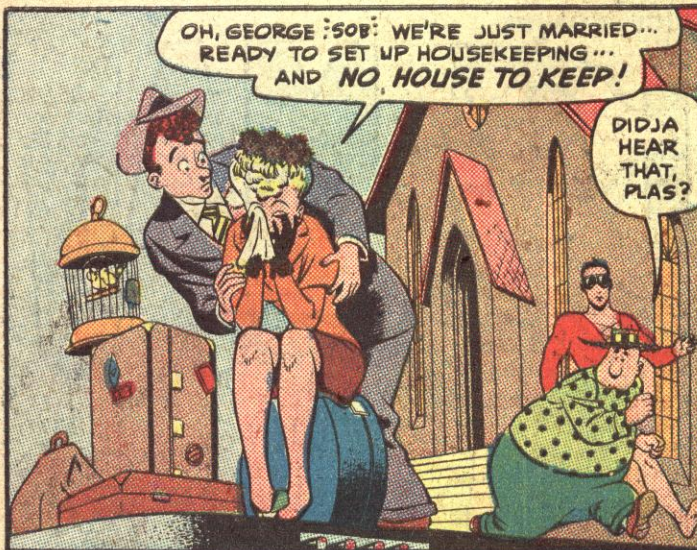


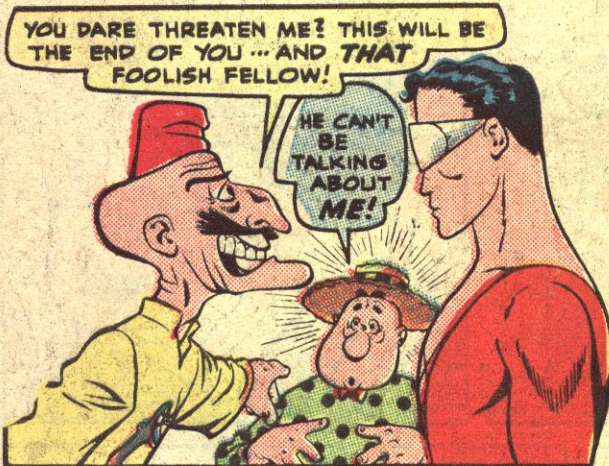
PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

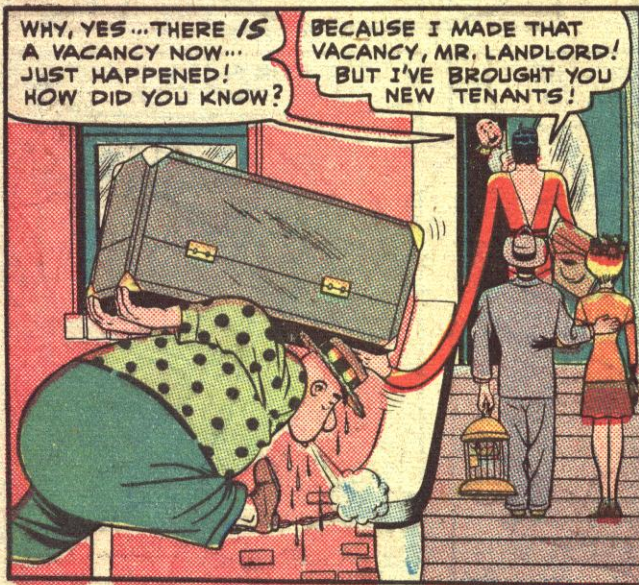
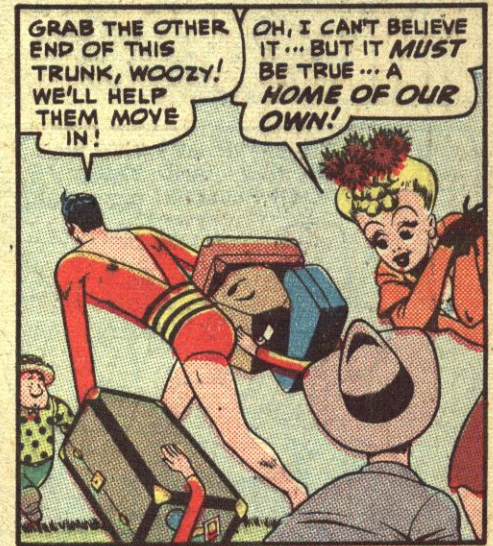
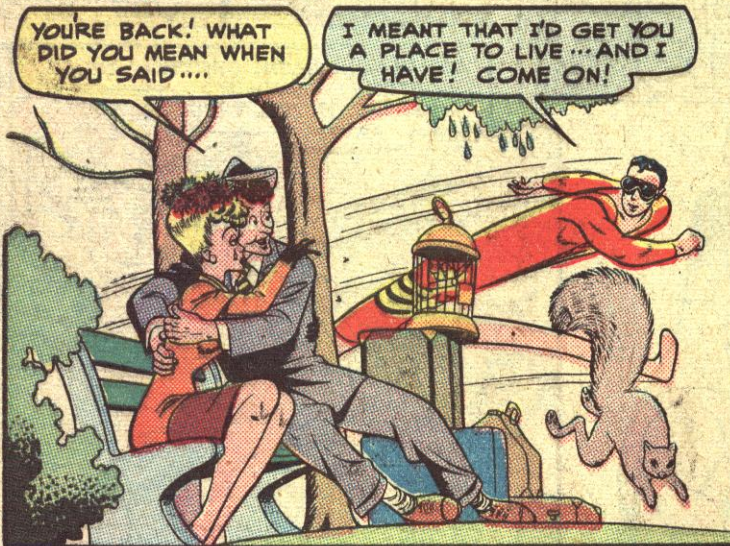
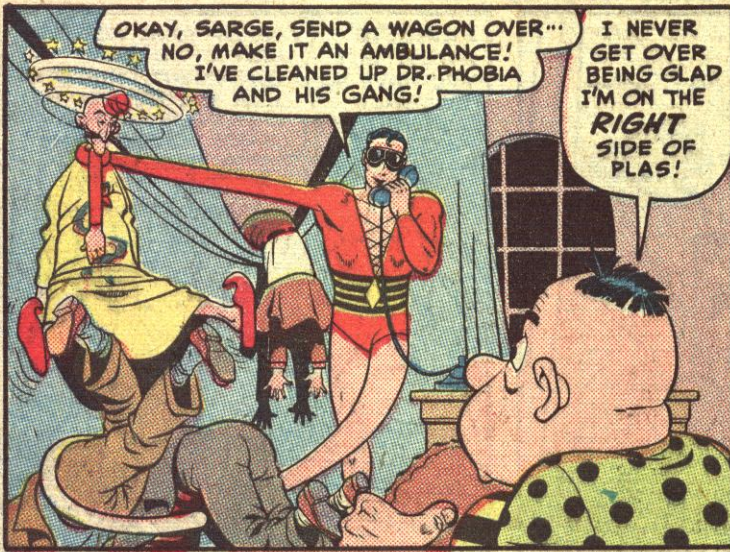
HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

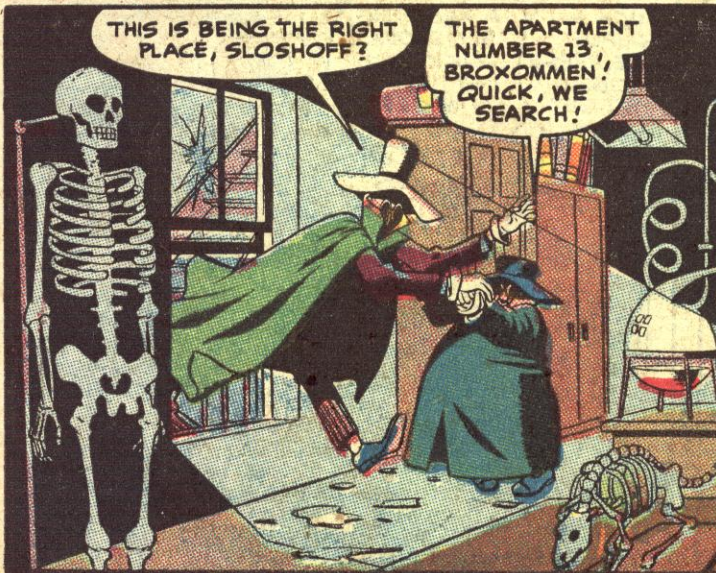
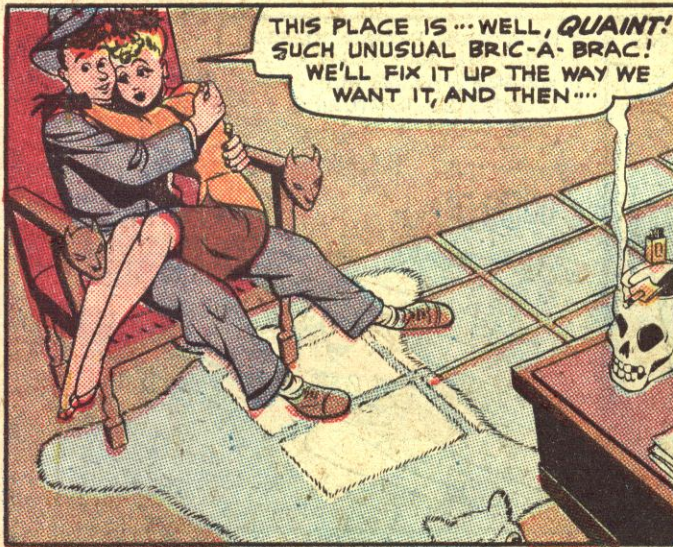
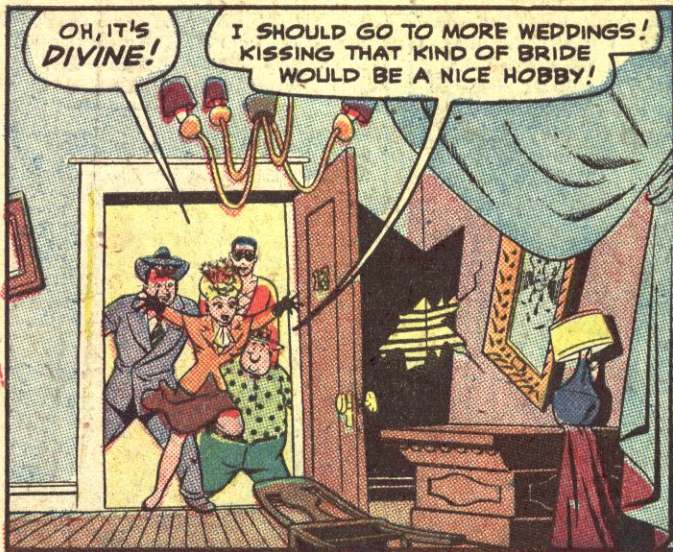
POLICE COMICS. April, 1947, No. 65. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter May 5, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1946 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.



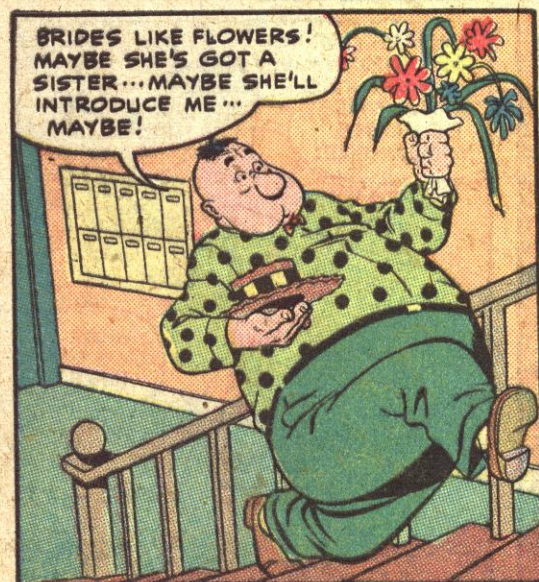
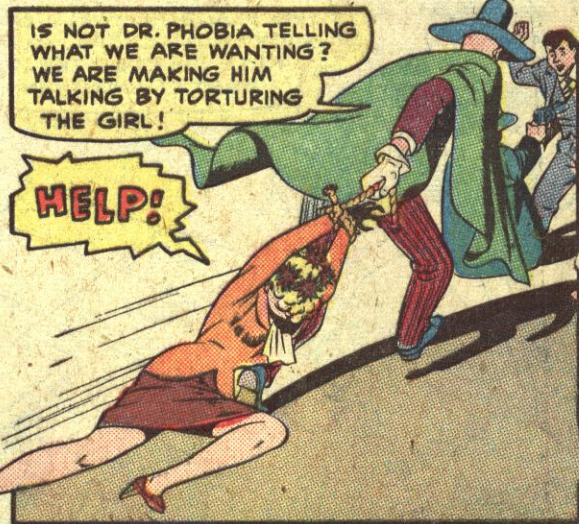
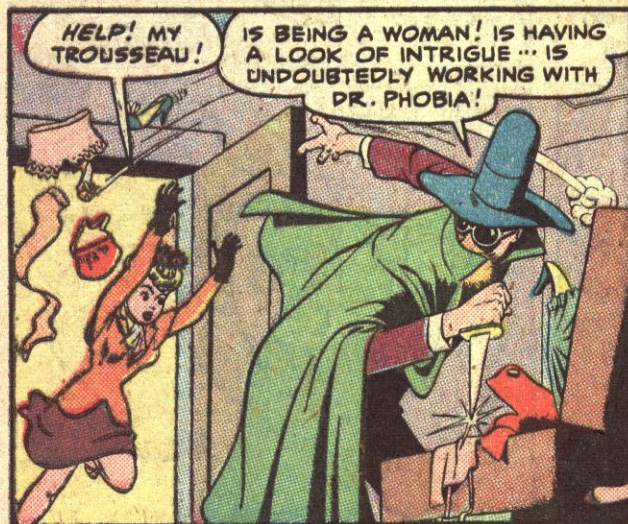


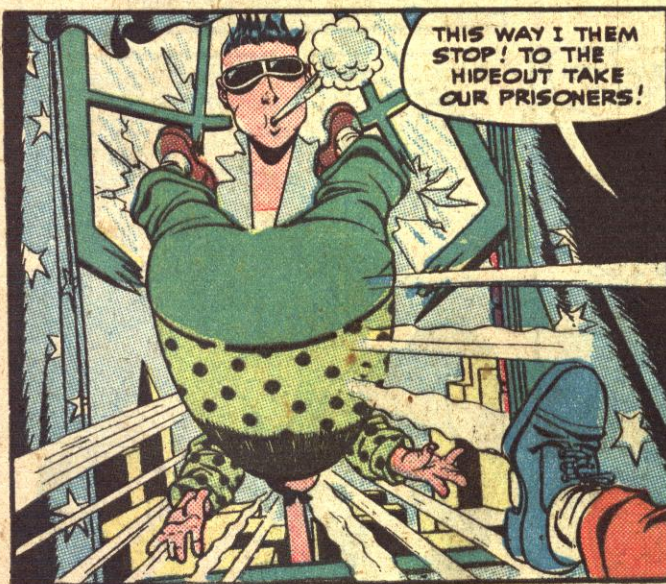
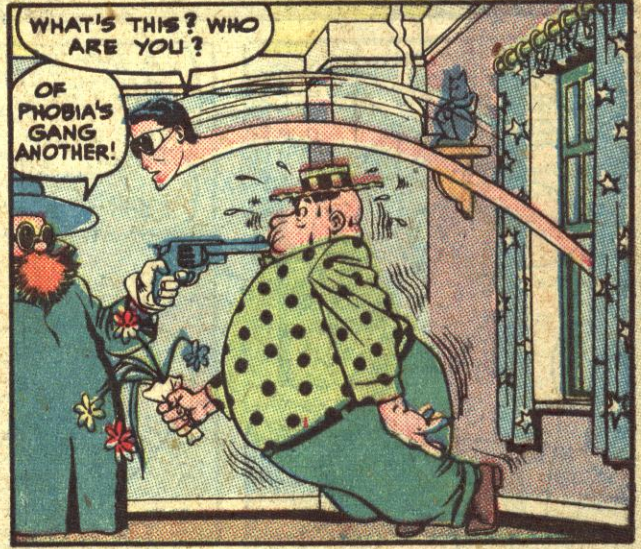
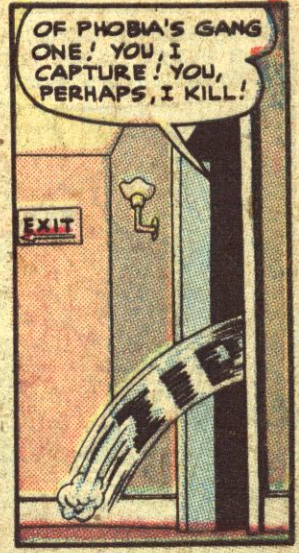
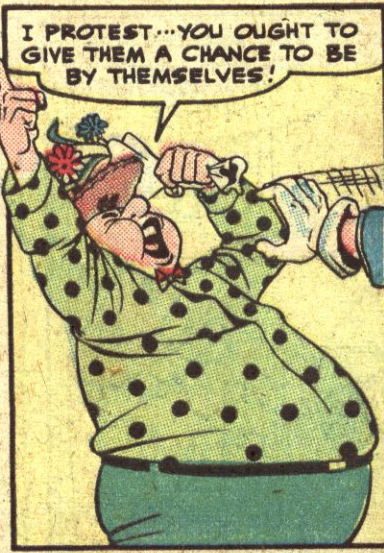
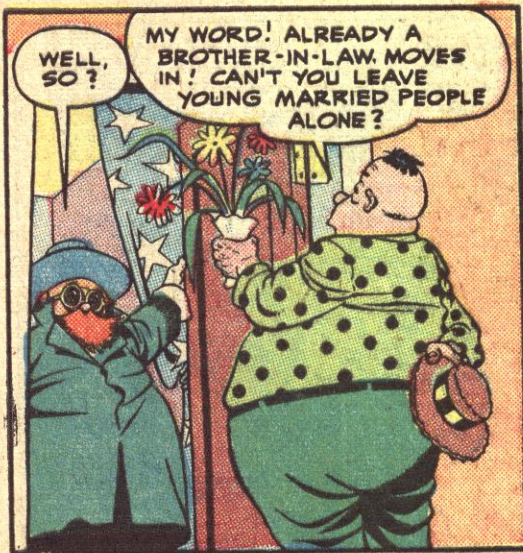


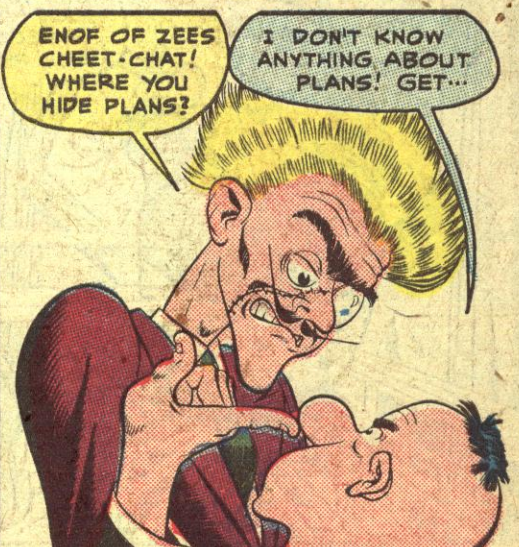
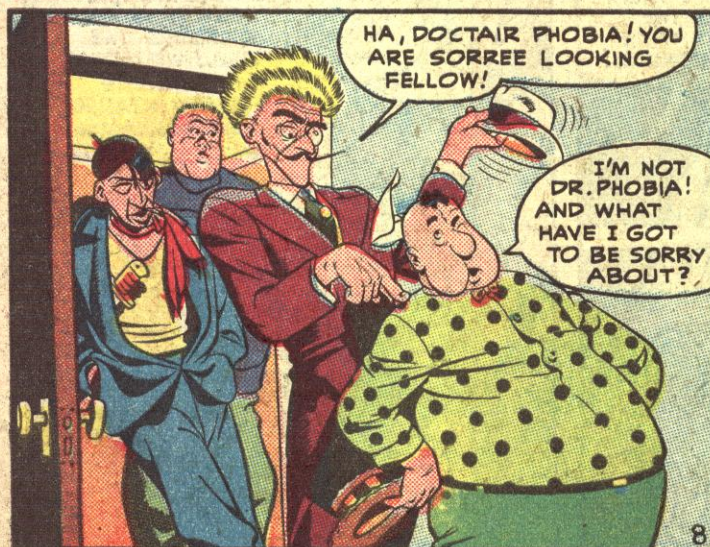
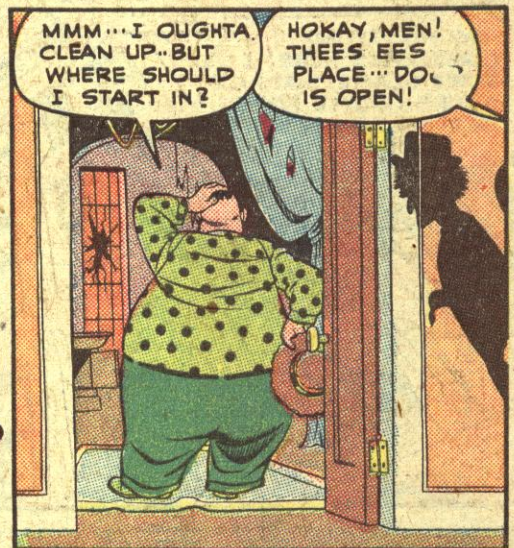
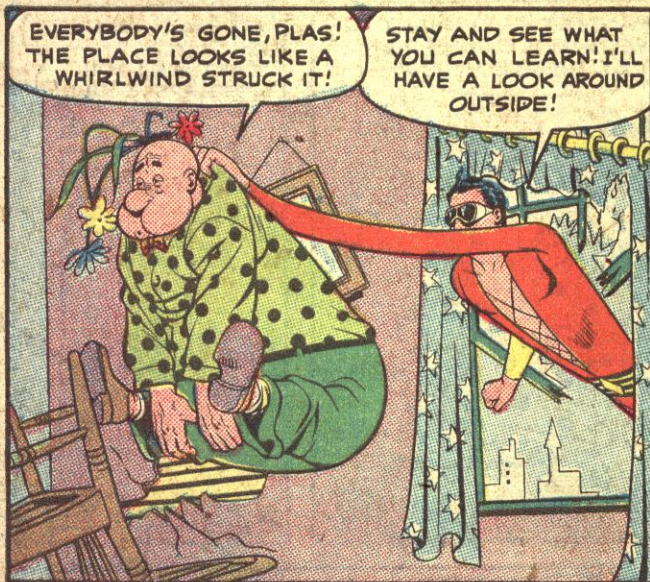


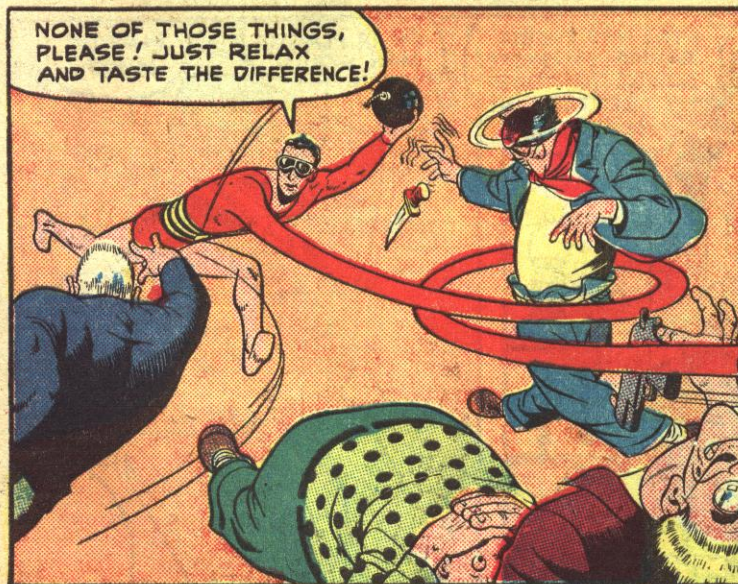
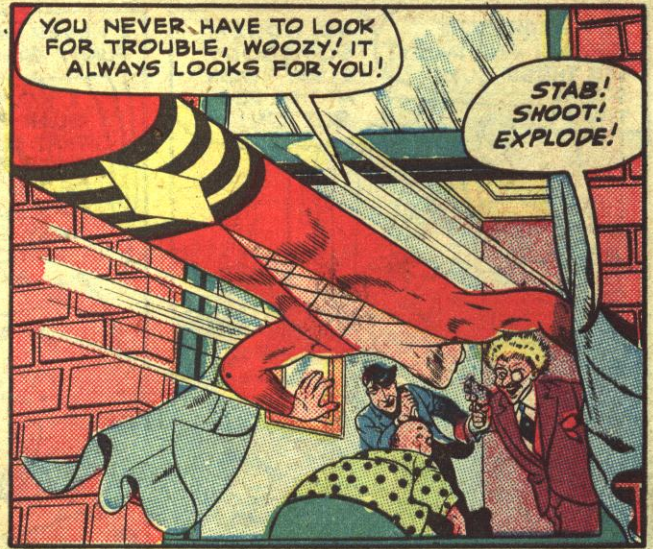
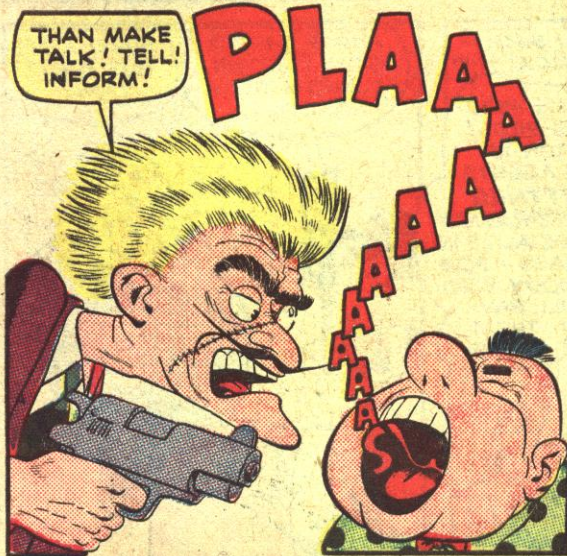
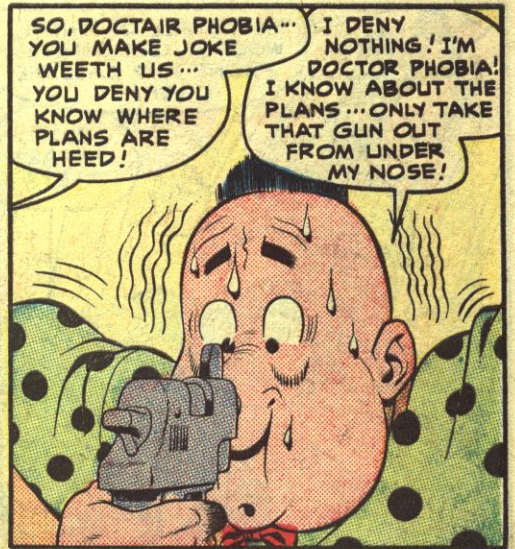
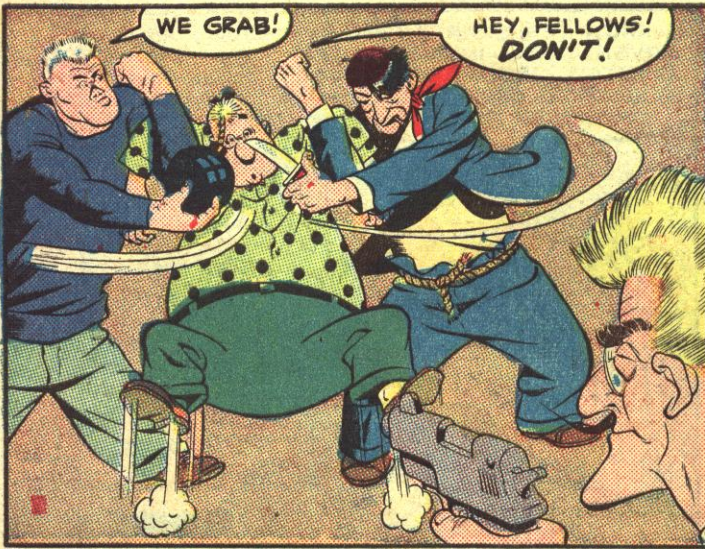


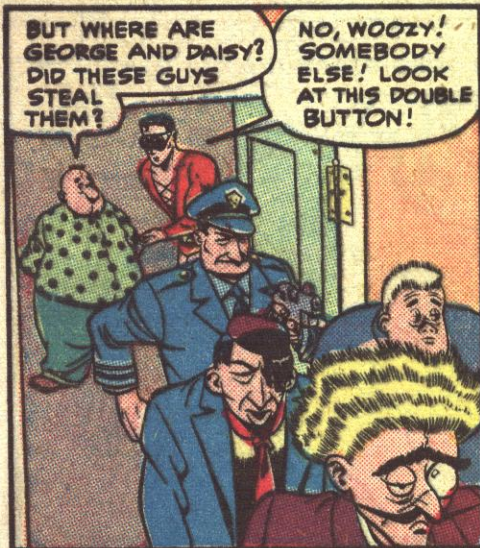
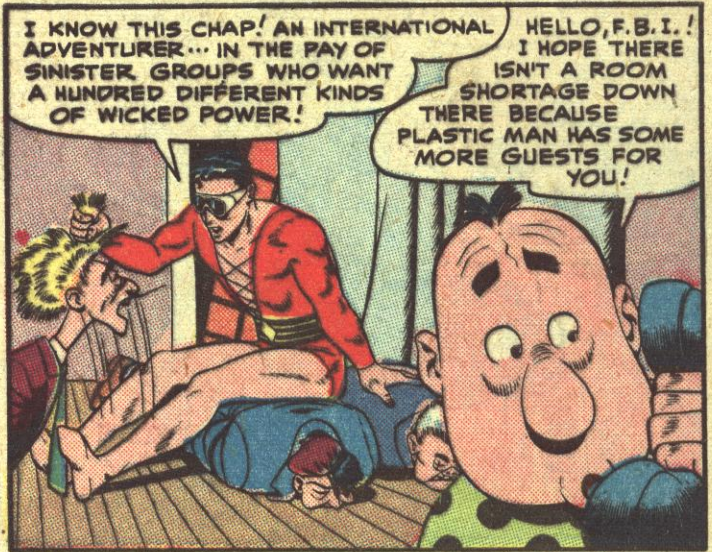
POLICE COMICS

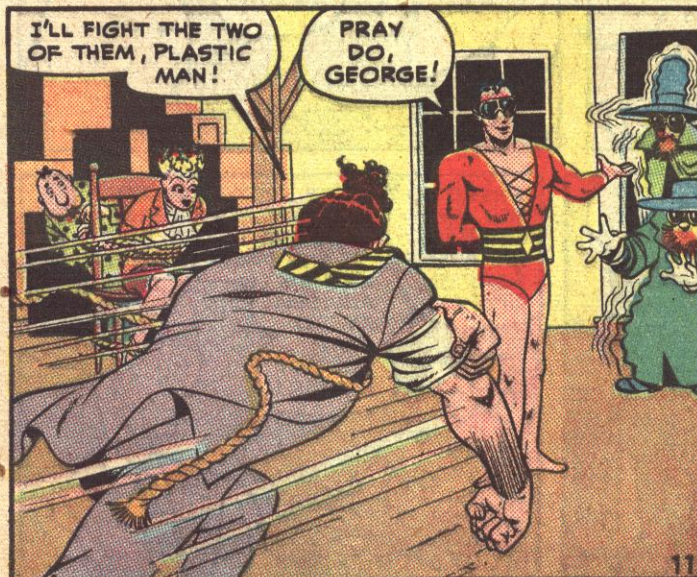
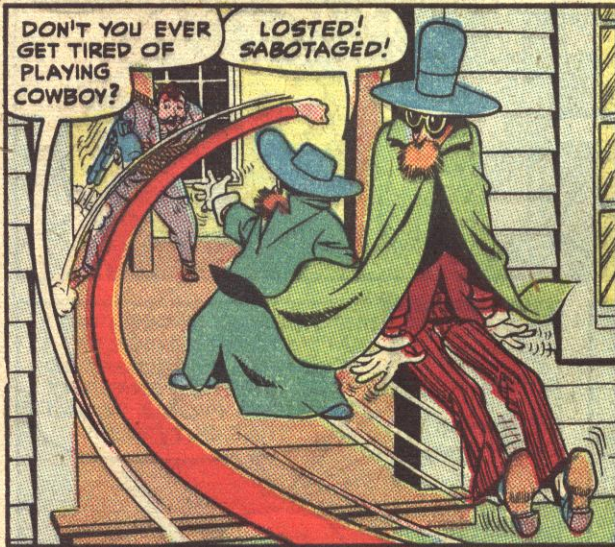
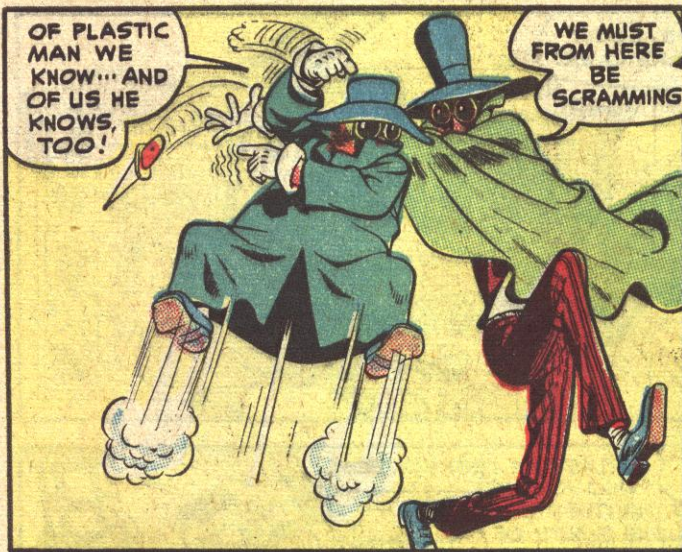


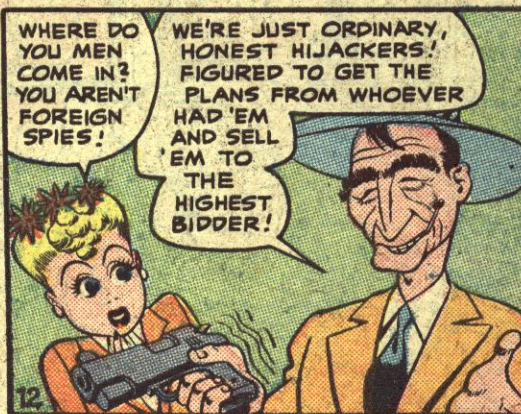
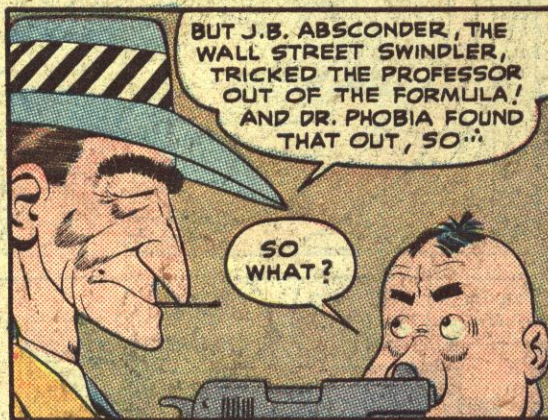
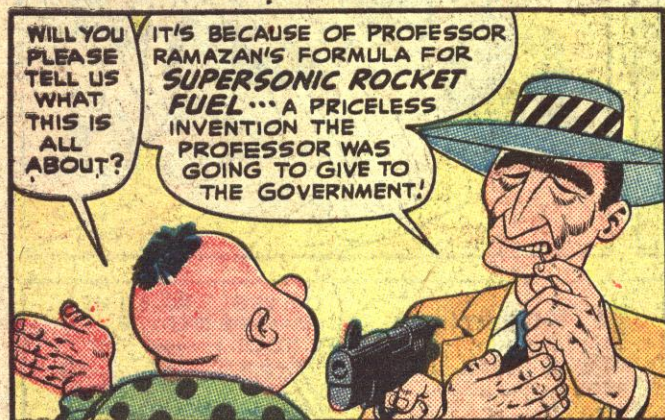
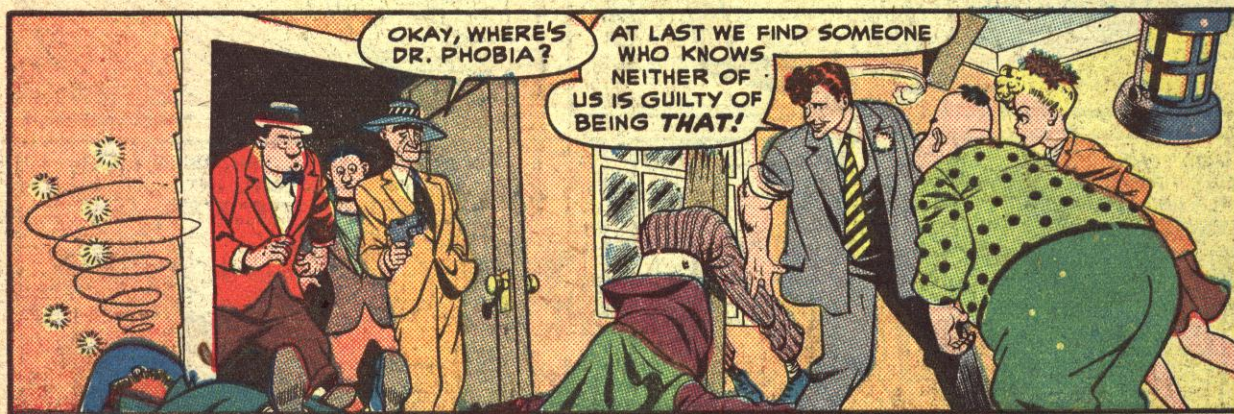
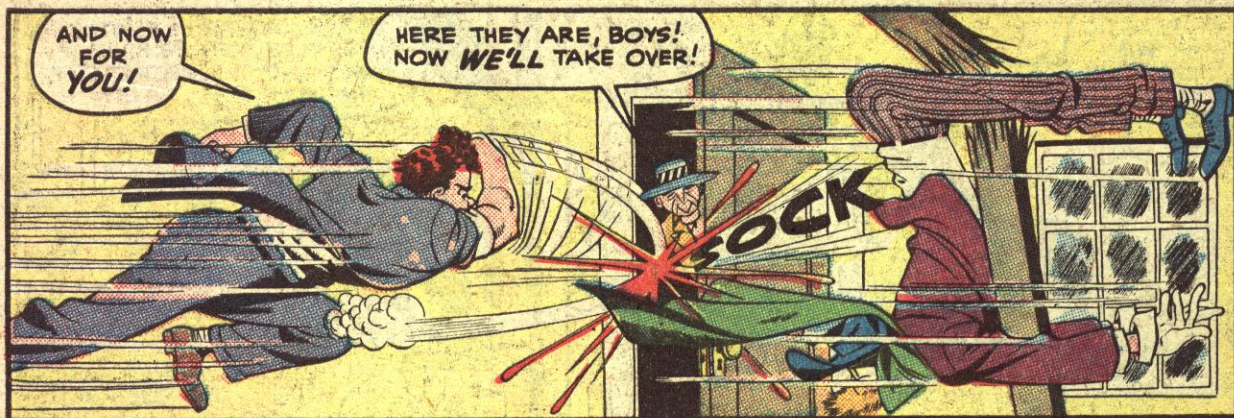


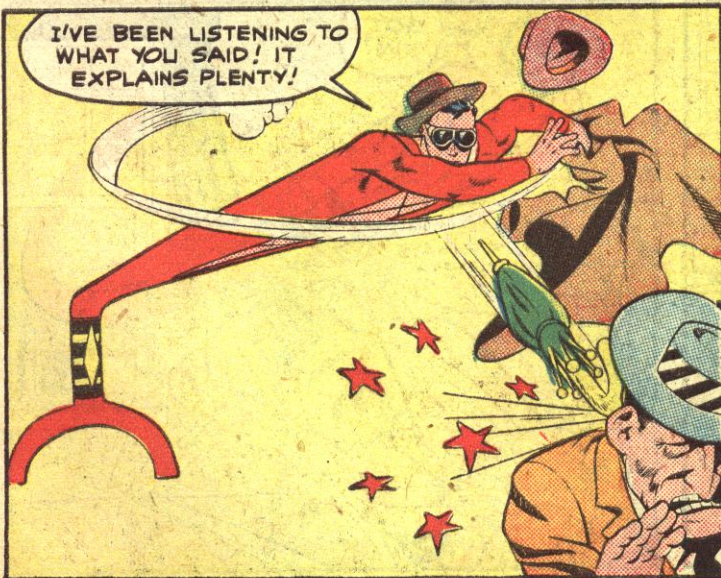
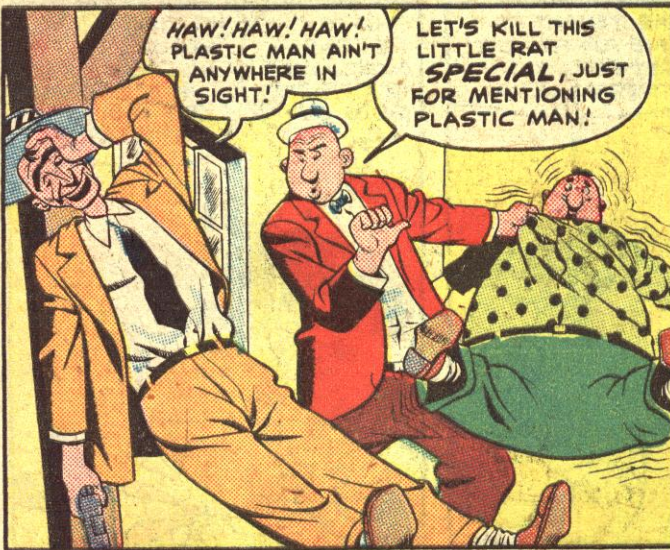
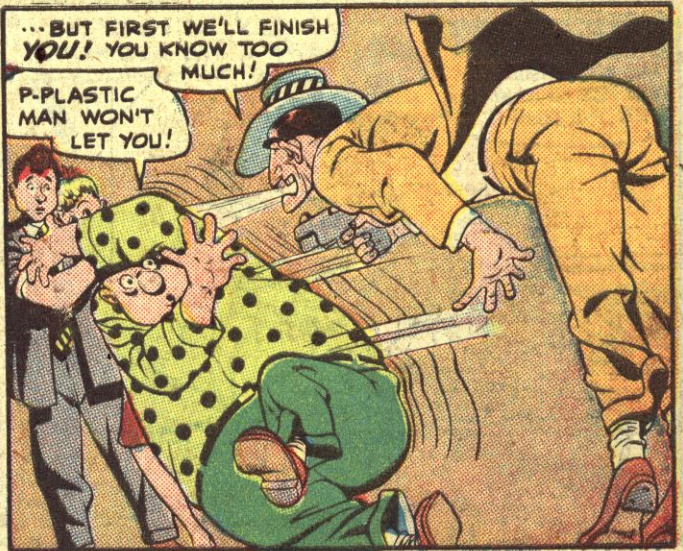
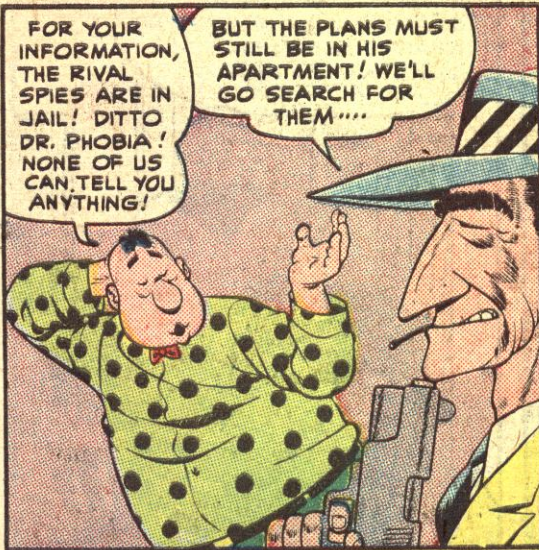


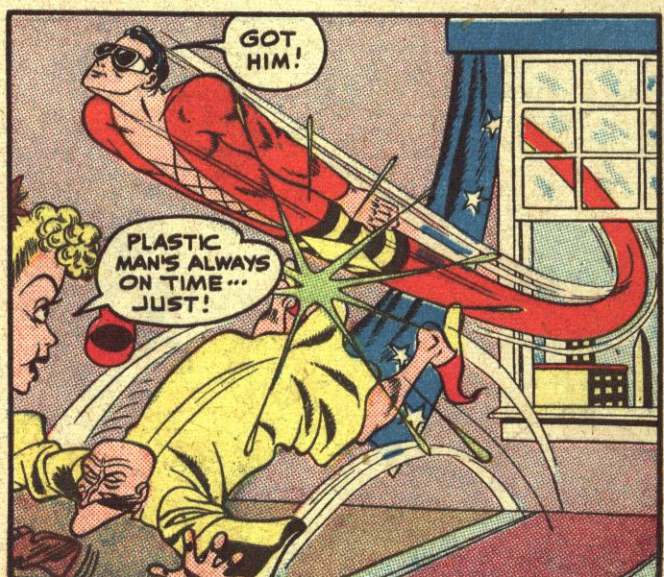


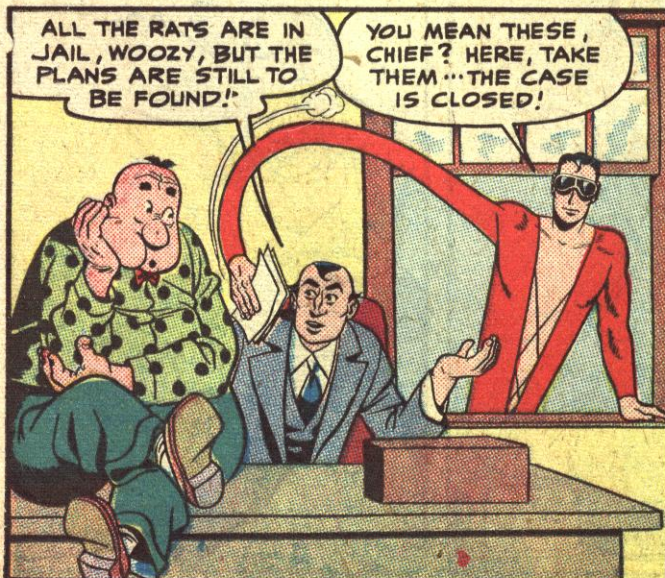
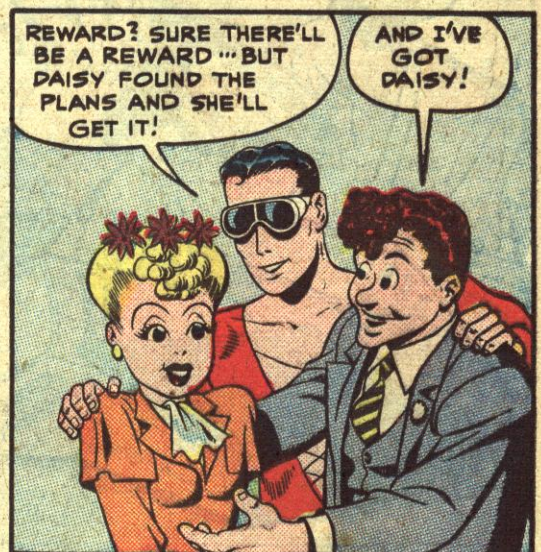
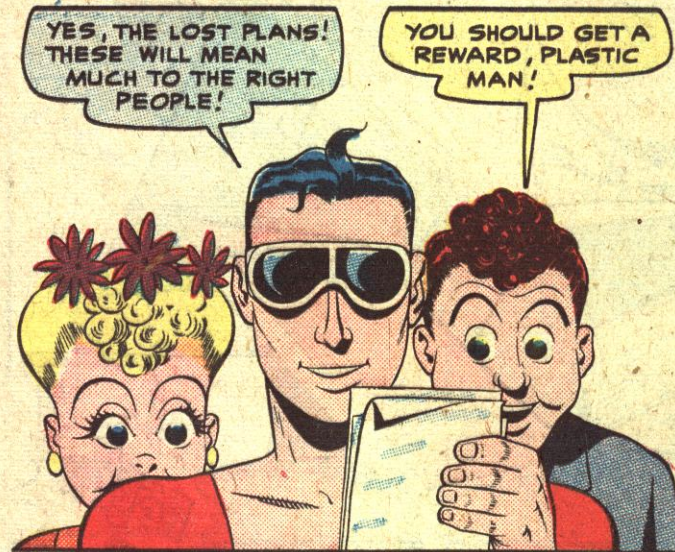
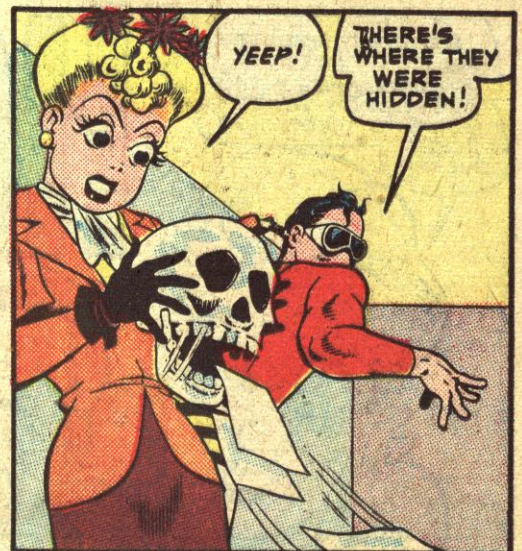
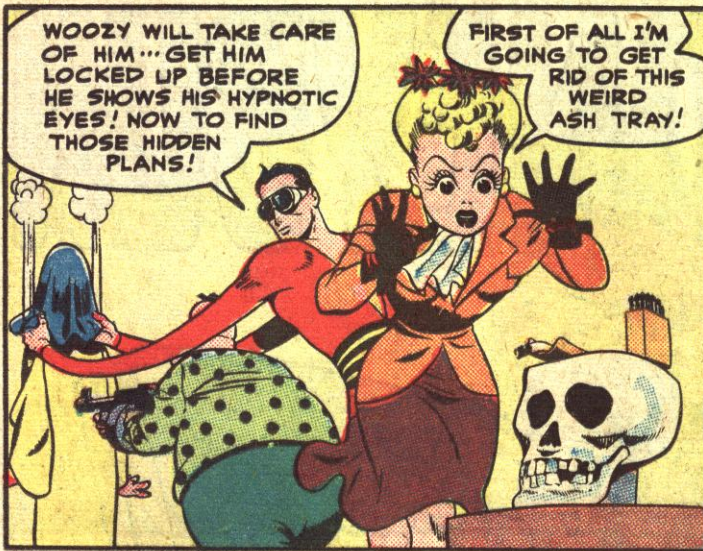






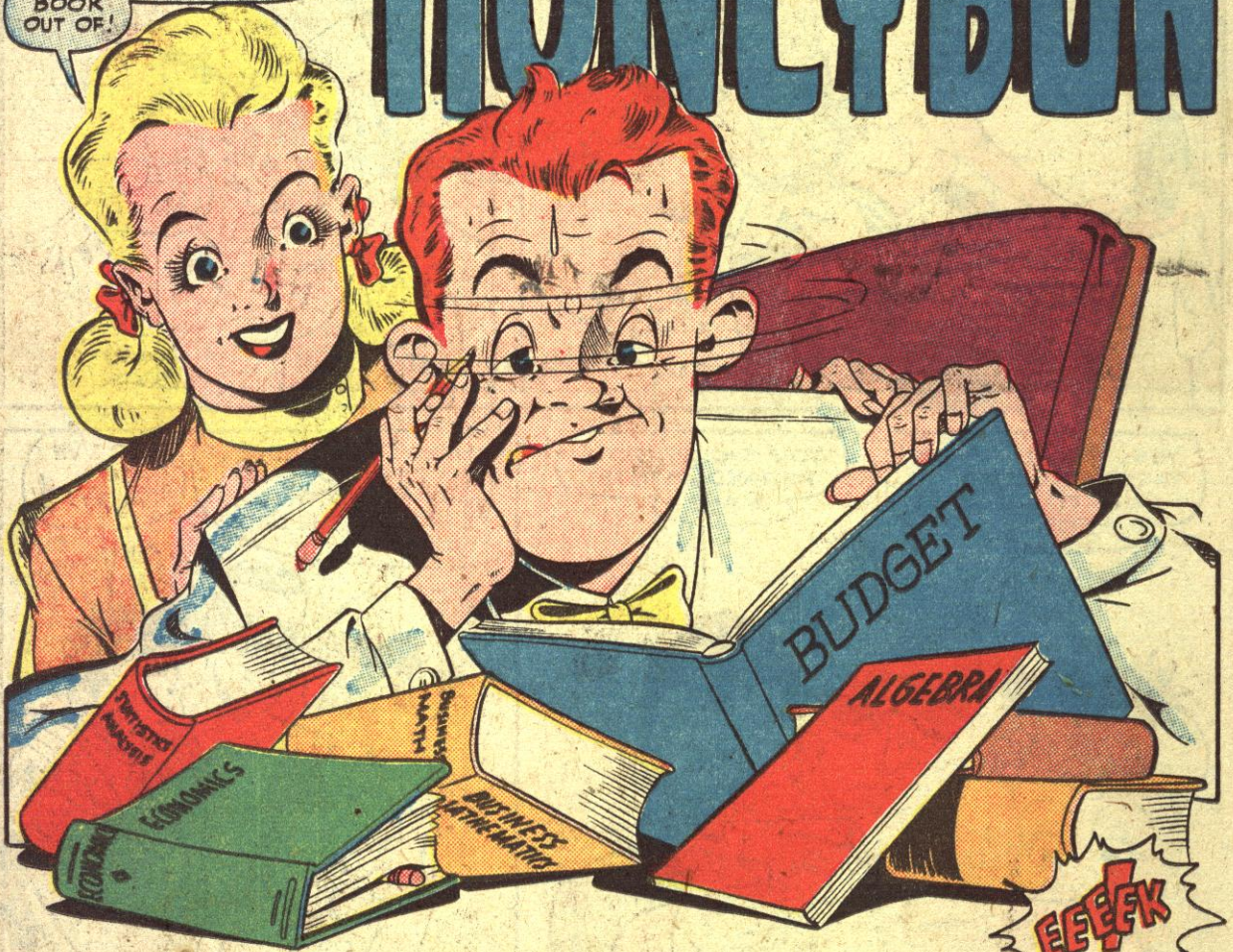






HONEYBUN

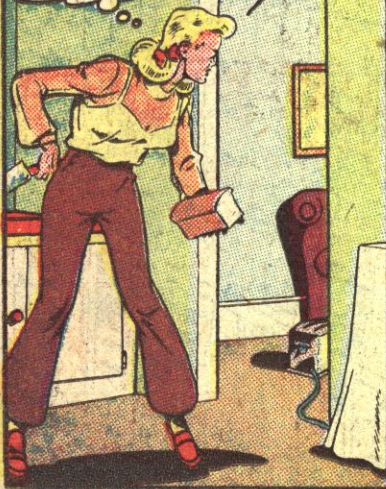
AND DON'T FORGET TO FIGURE IN AN EXTRA TWO DOLLARS ... FOR FIXING THE WINDOW YOU'RE GOING TO THROW THAT BOOK OUT OF!



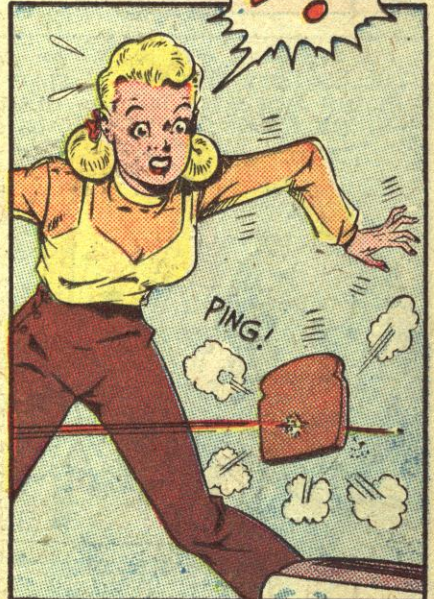
EEEEK

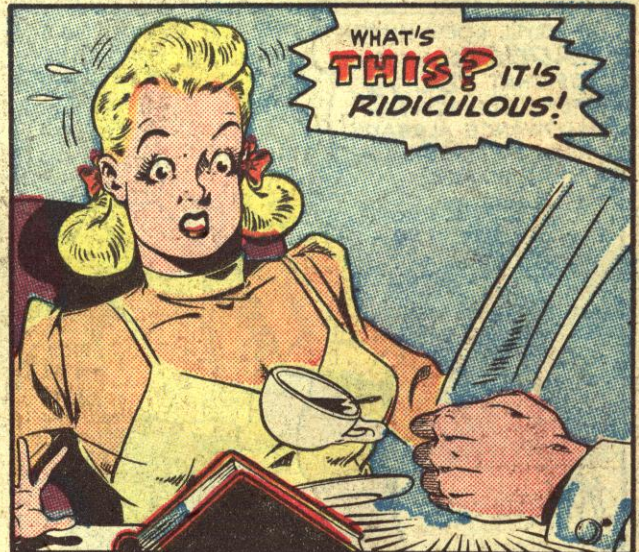
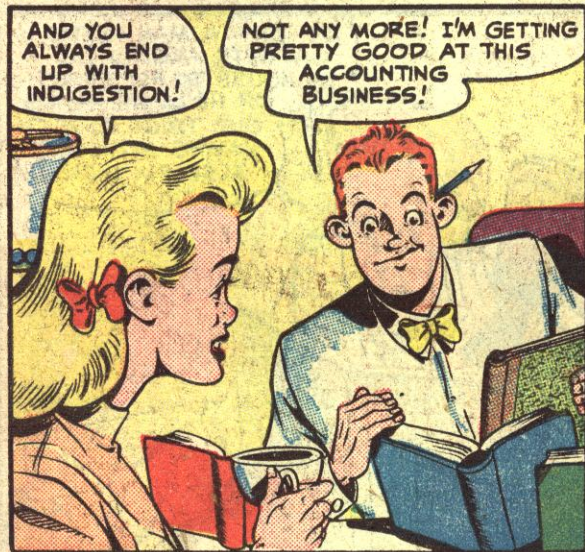
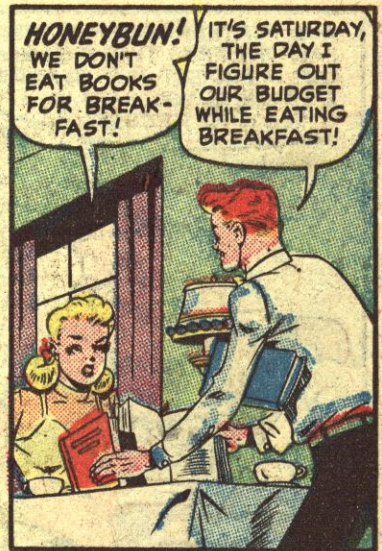
NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY TOASTER?

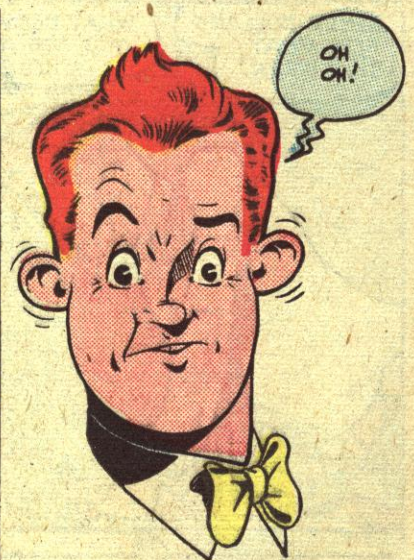
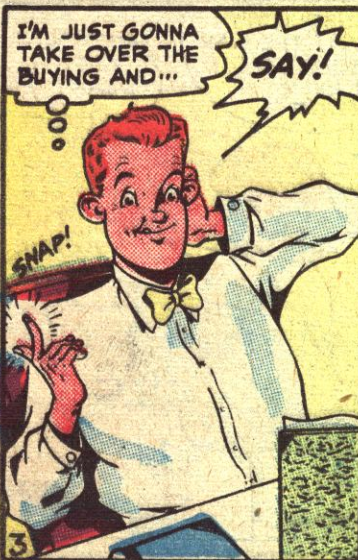
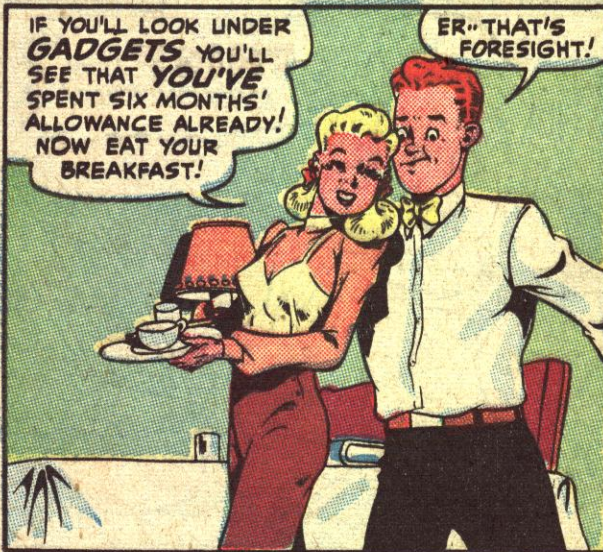
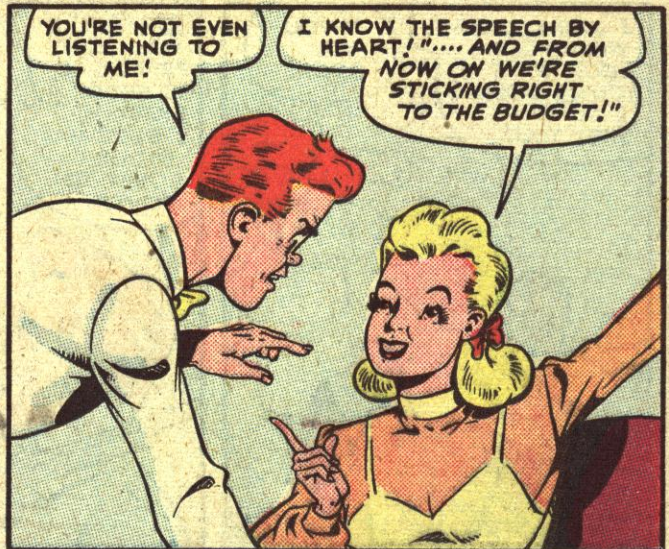
IN THE LIVING ROOM!

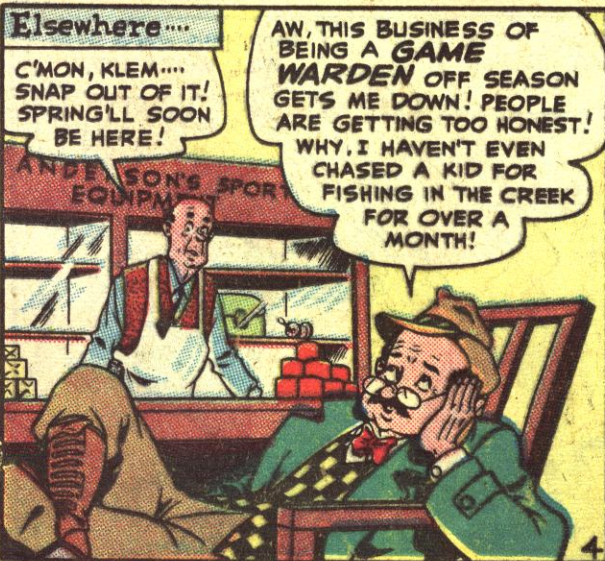
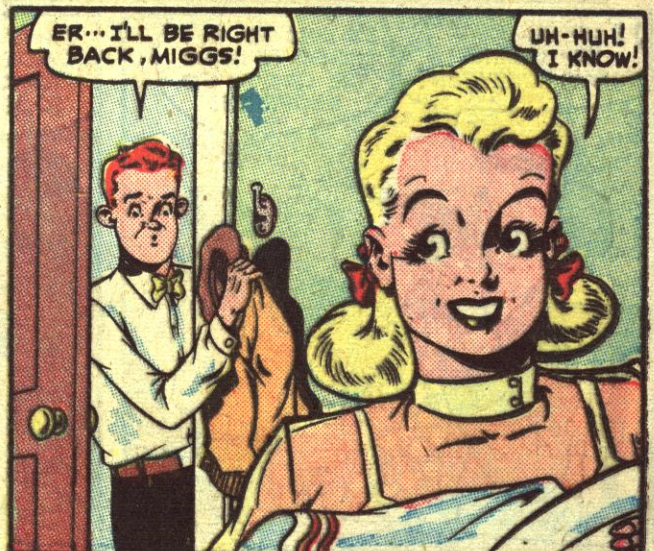
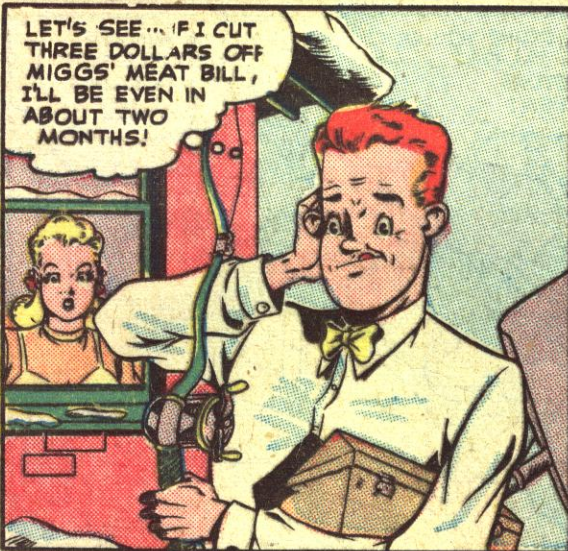
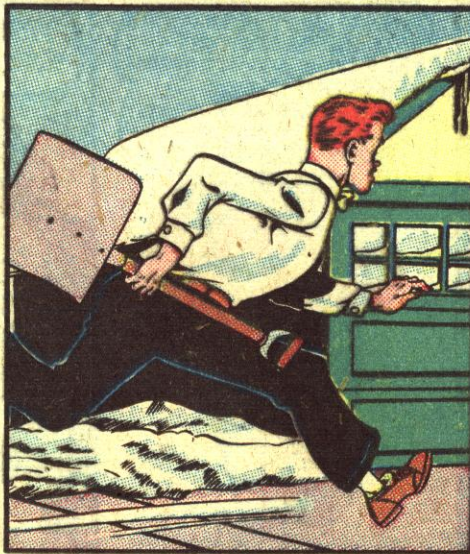
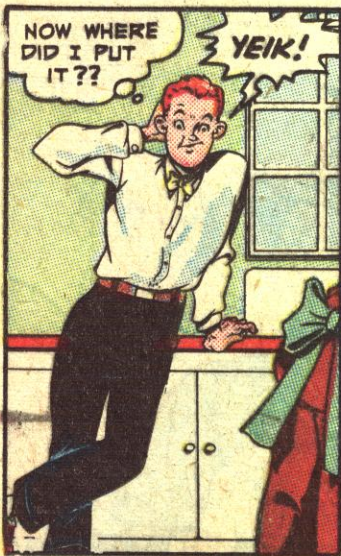


OF ALL THE CRAZY... UH!

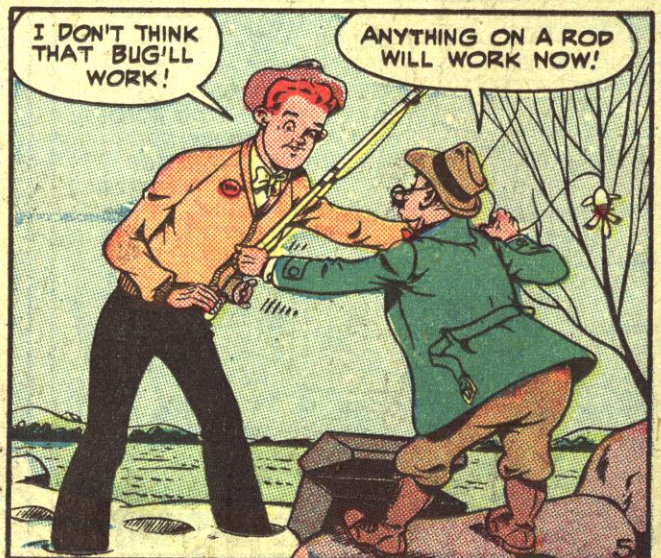
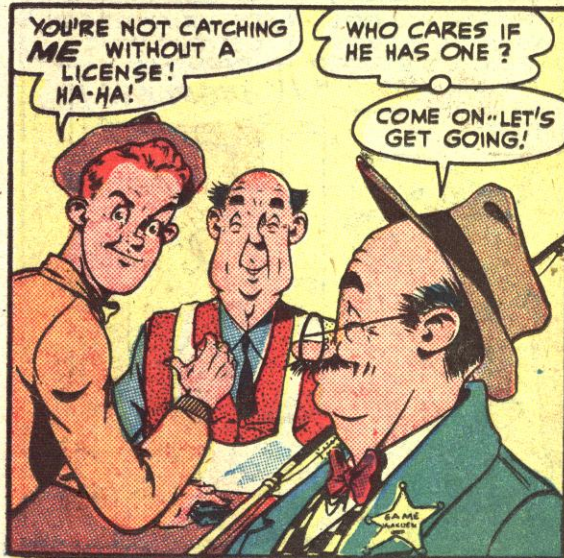
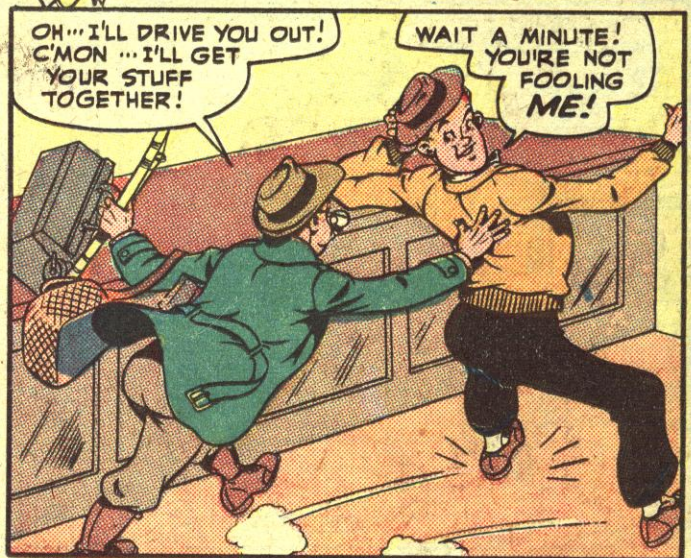


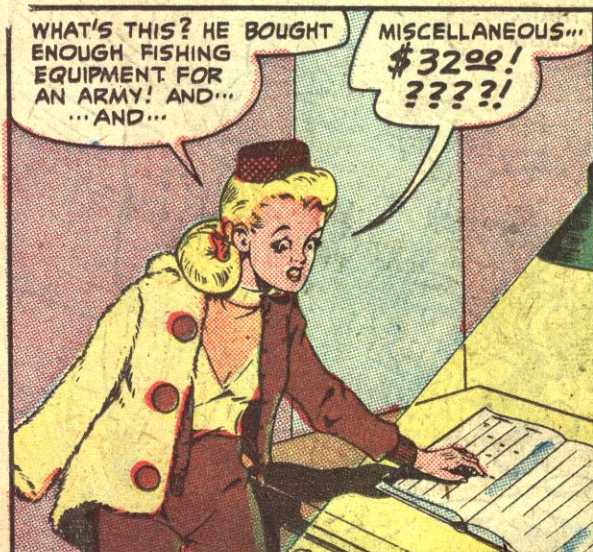
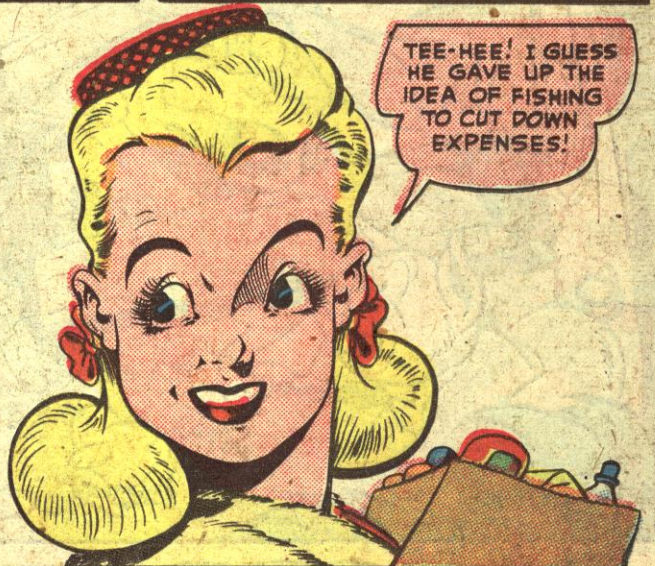
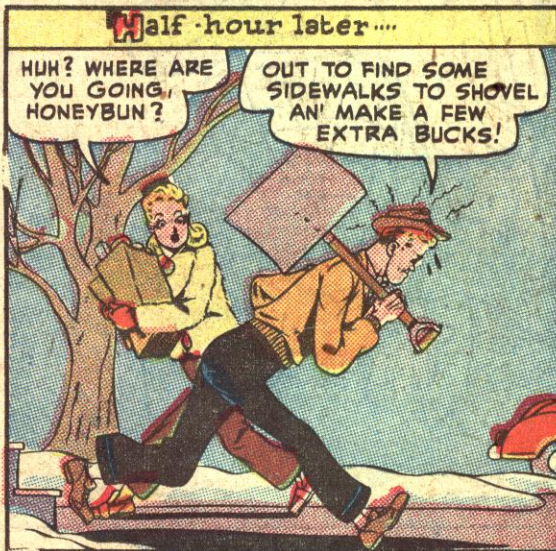
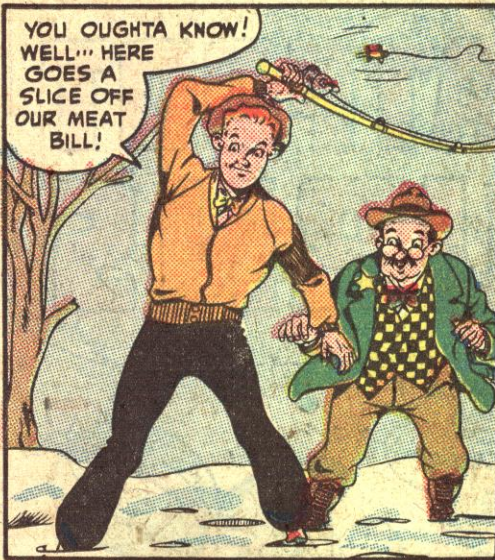




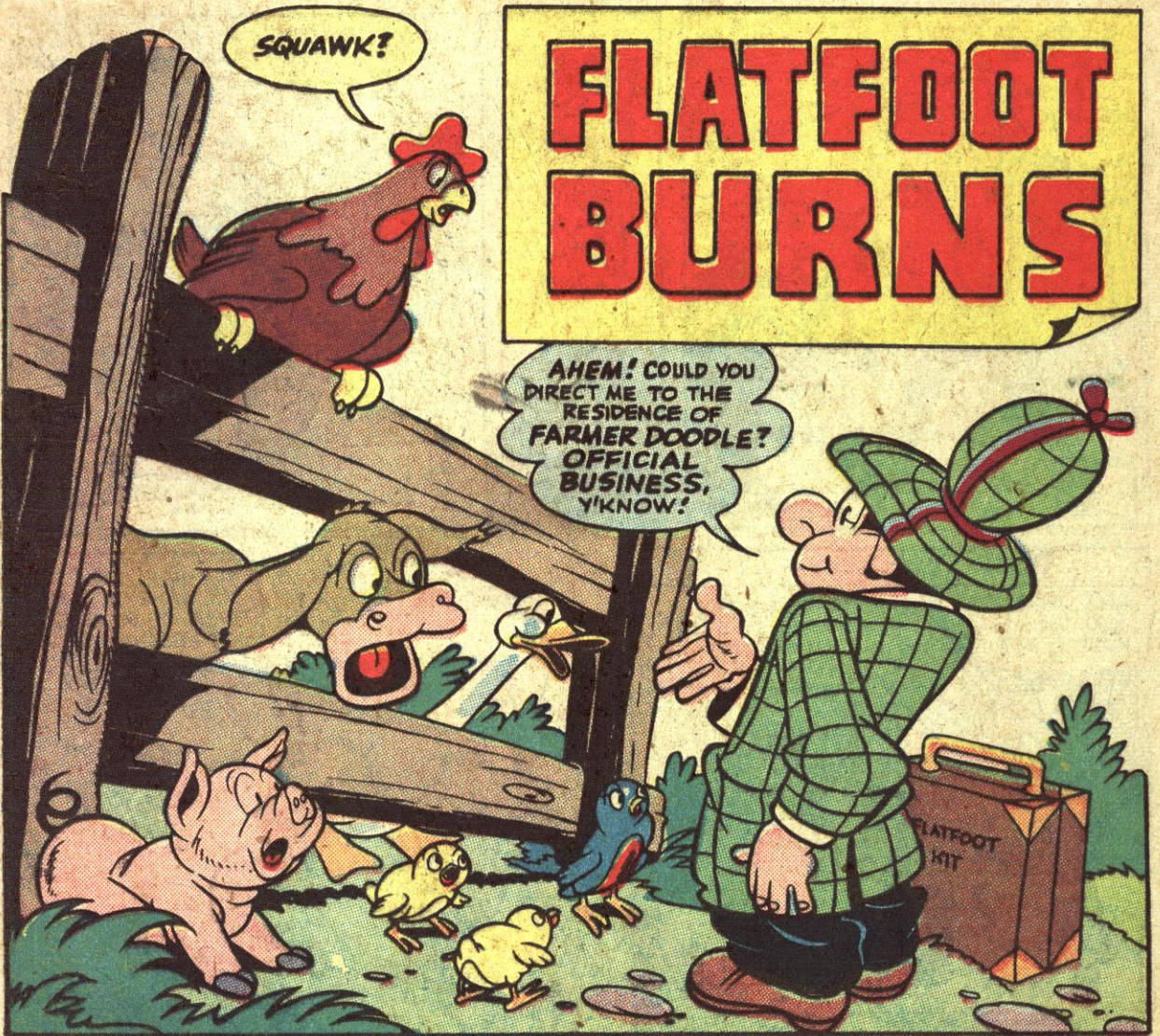


POLICE COMICS





FLATFOOT BURNS



FARMER DOODLE CLAIMS SOMEBODY'S STEALING HIS EGGS! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF CROOK WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT?



HMMM! INNOCENT LITTLE FELLOW. ISN'T HE? HEH-HEH!



I'VE NEVER TASTED POTTED DETECTIVE ---BUT IN TIMES LIKE THESE, ANY MEAT WILL DO!



AH! MR. BURNS! I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME!

FARMER DOODLE!



I THINK A LOCAL WOLF IS DOING ALL THE SWIPING!

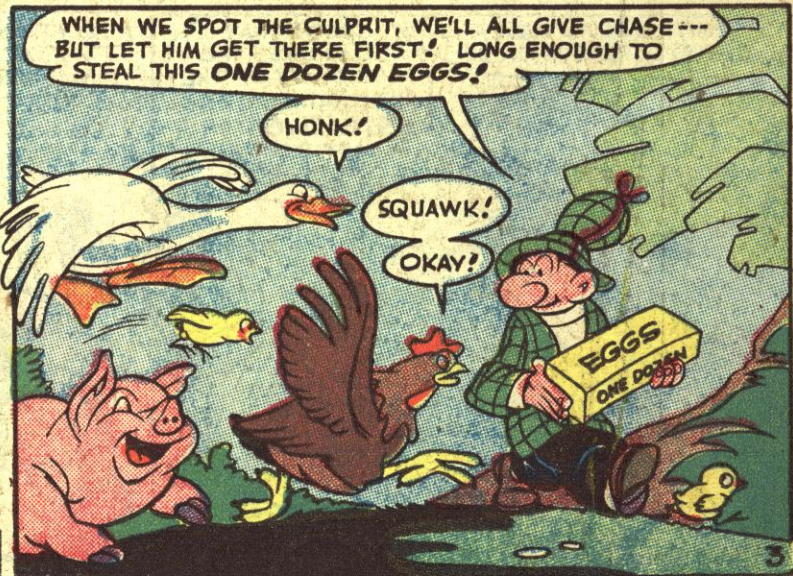
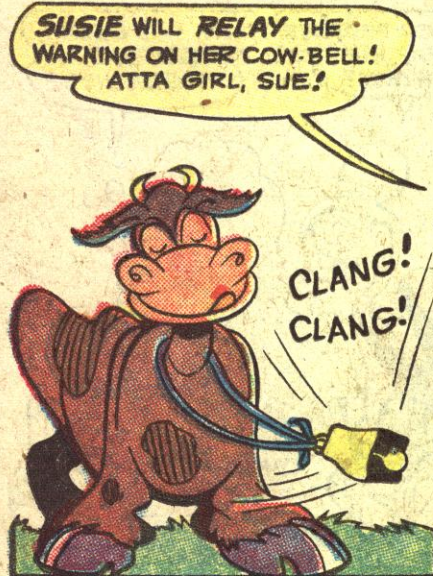
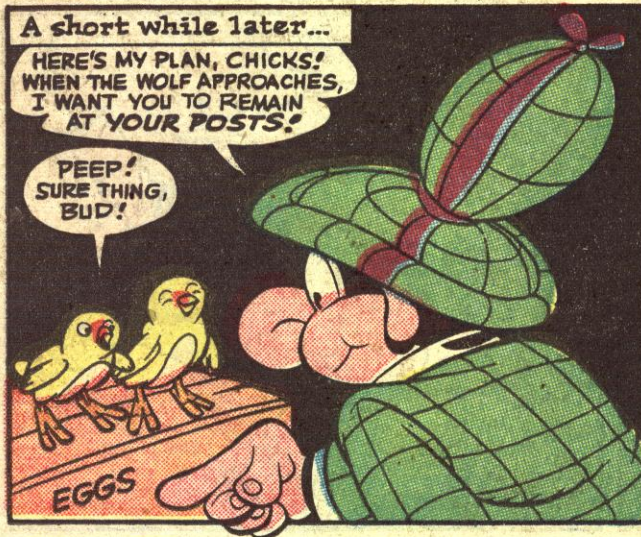
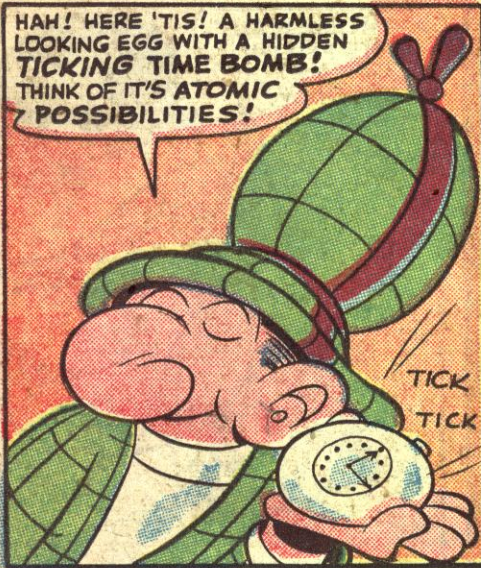
GOOD! THAT ELIMINATES THE POSSIBILITY OF THE INTERNATIONAL EGG STEALING GANG, LAST SEEN IN SOUTH AFRICA!

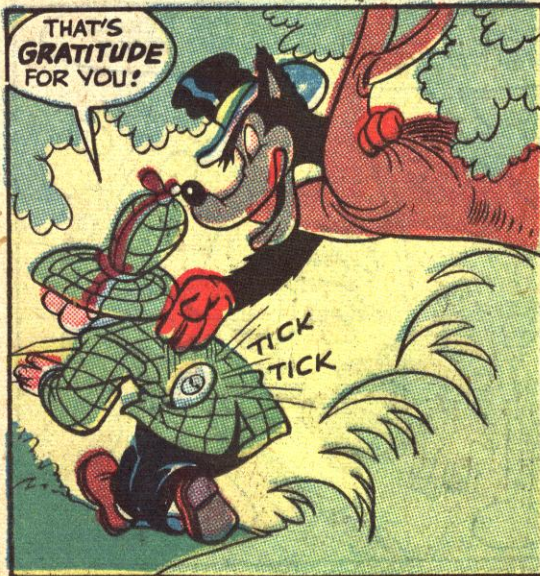
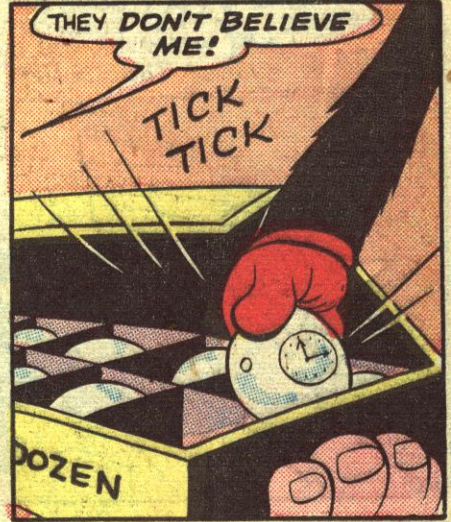
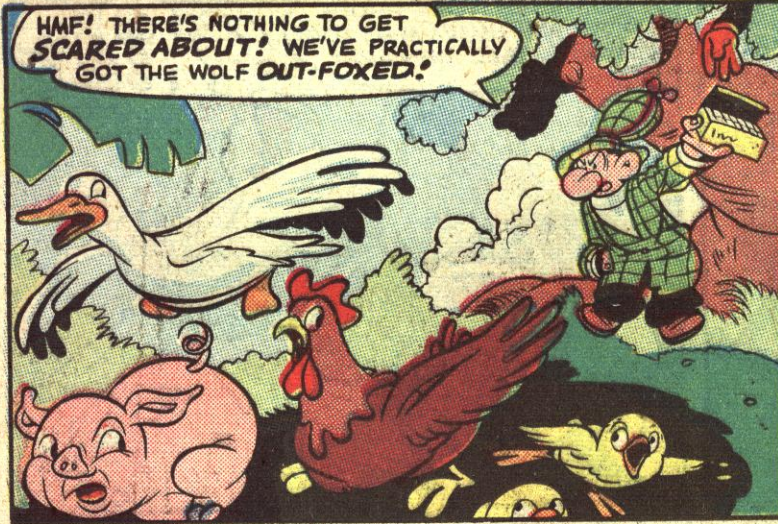
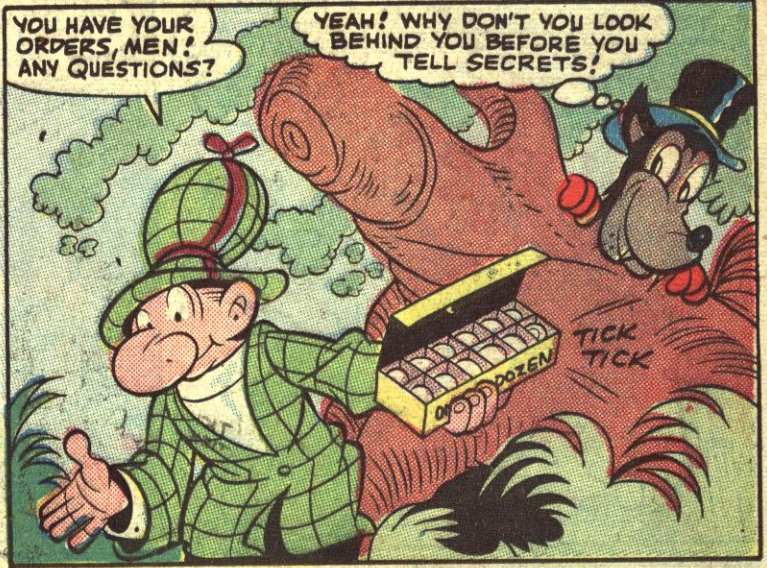
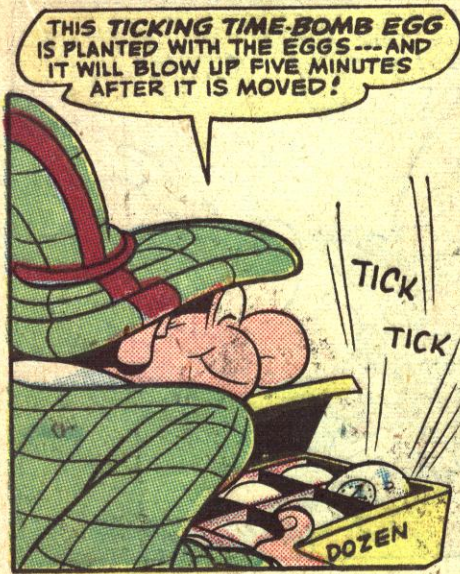


HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO TRAP HIM, FLATFOOT?

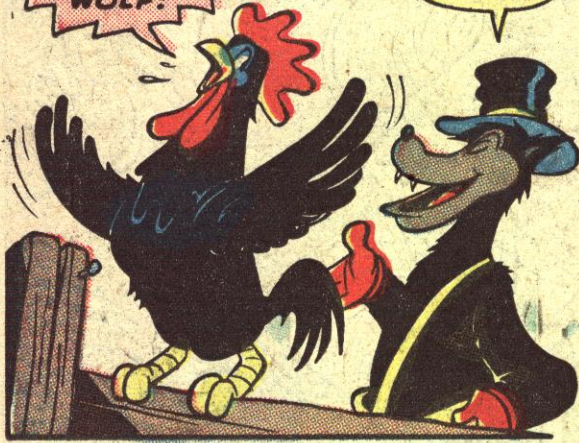
WITH THE USUAL BURNS INGENUITY!



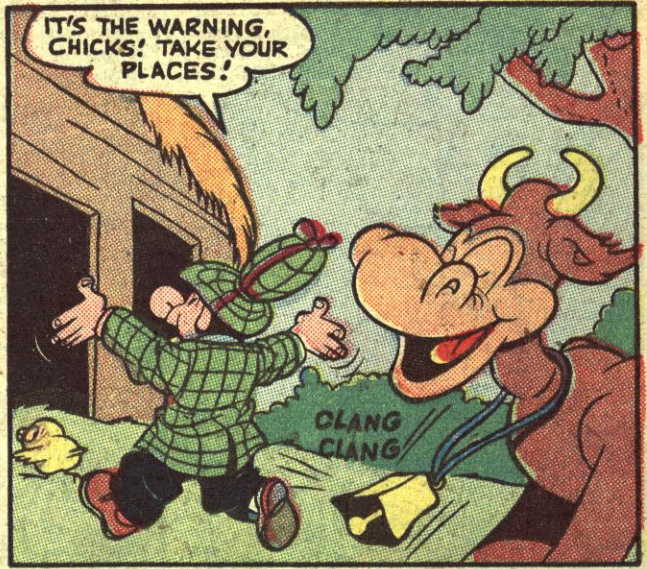




Two minutes later, at the guarded outpost--
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! IT'S THE WOLF!



DO TELL, CHUM! I'M HERE TO STEAL THOSE EGGS!

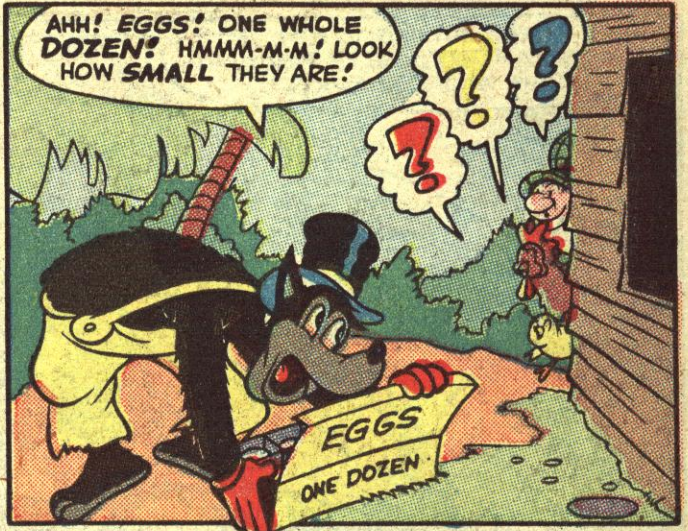


IT'S THE WARNING, CHICKS! TAKE YOUR PLACES!

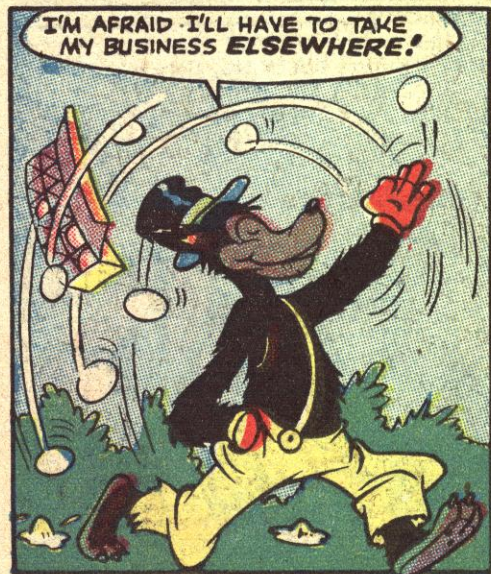


SHH-H! HERE HE COMES!

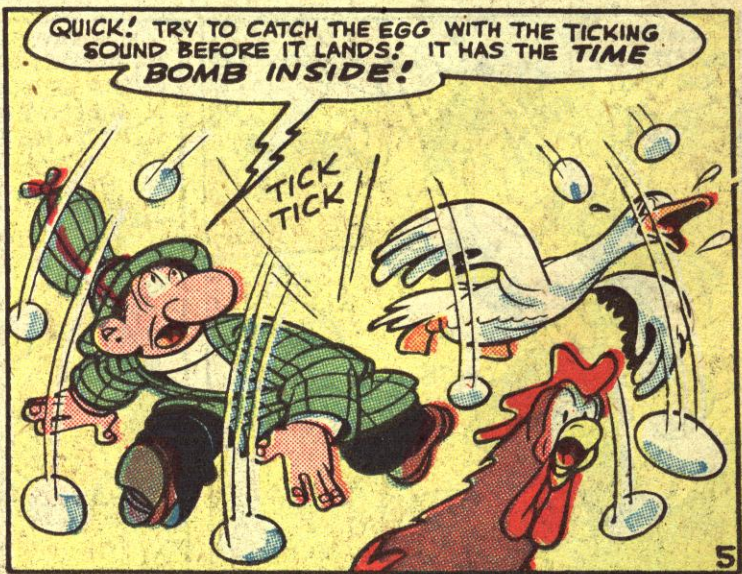
COME OUT-- COME OUT-- WHEREVER YOU ARE! TIME'S UP!



AHH! EGGS! ONE WHOLE DOZEN! HMMM-M-M! LOOK HOW SMALL THEY ARE!

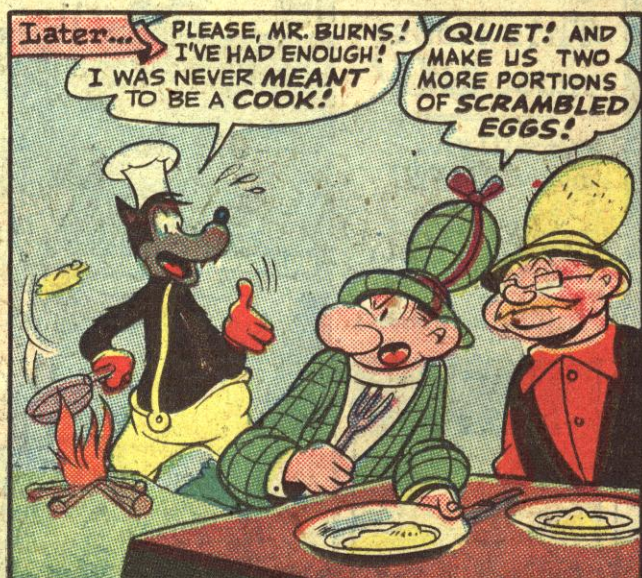
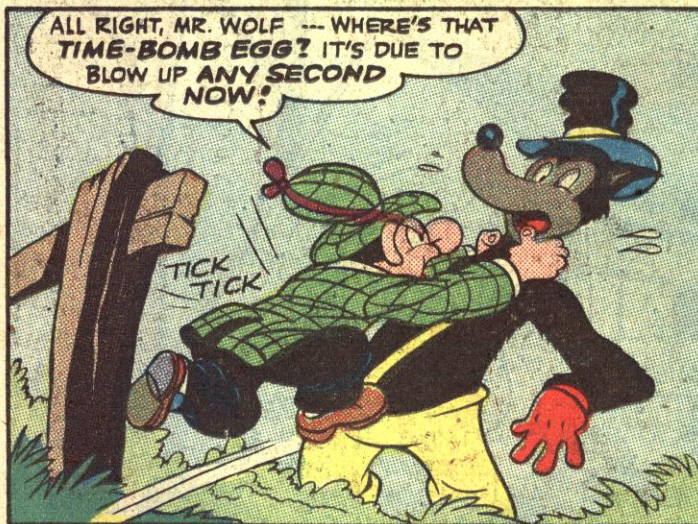
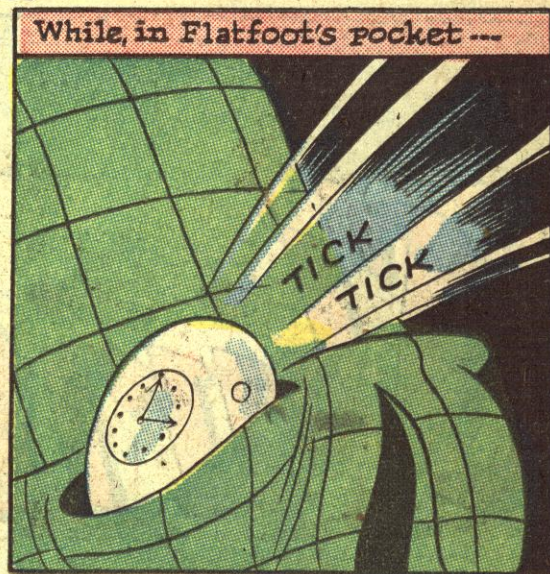
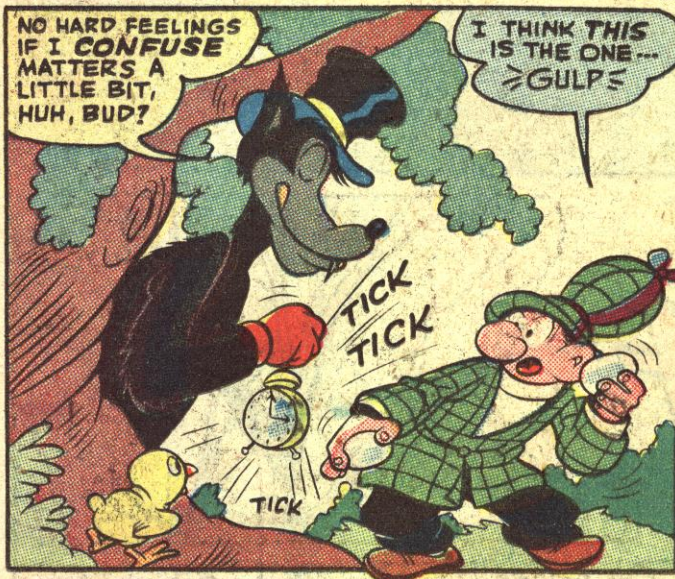


I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!



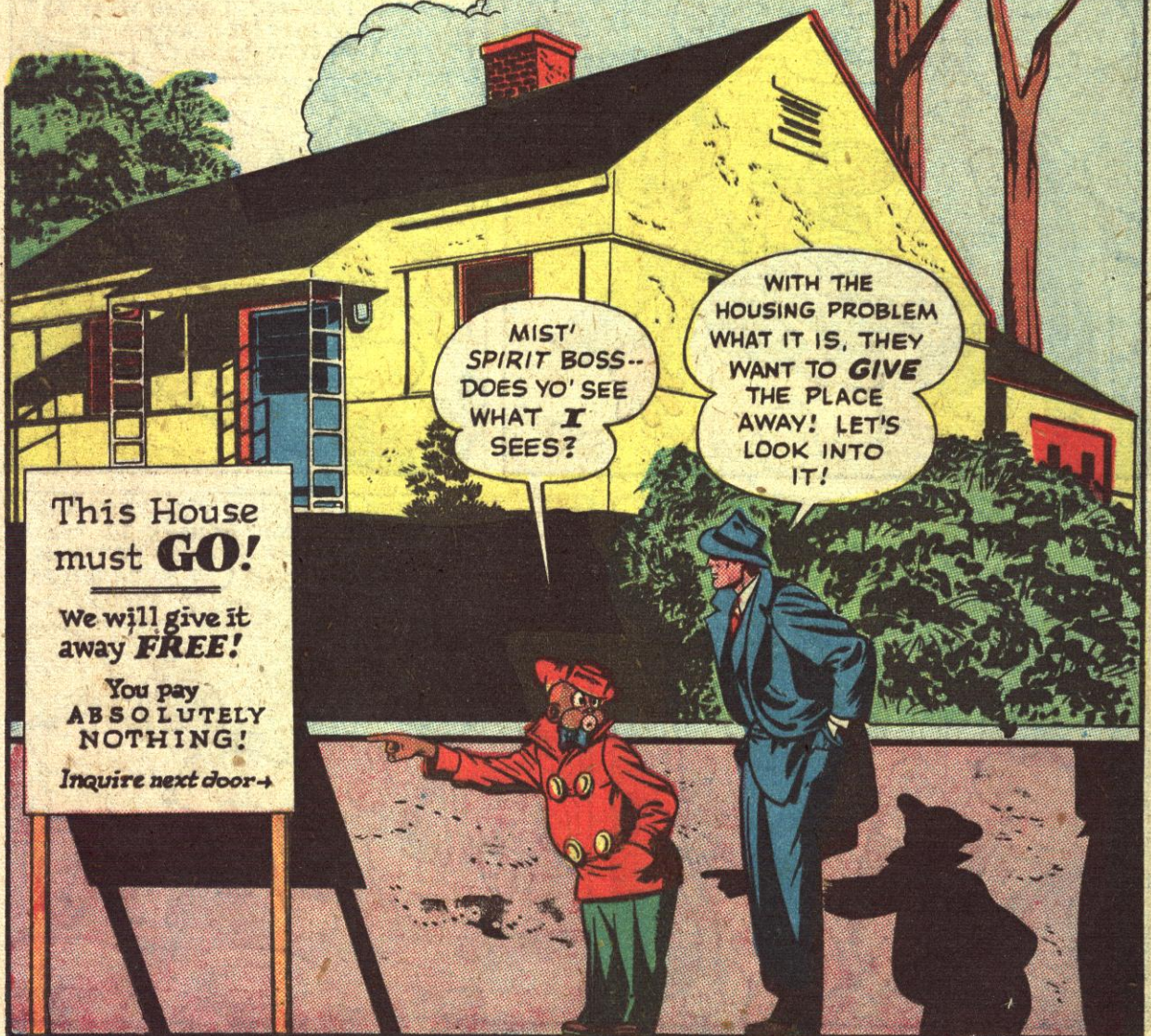
QUICK! TRY TO CATCH THE EGG WITH THE TICKING SOUND BEFORE IT LANDS! IT HAS THE TIME BOMB INSIDE!

TICK TICK



The Spirit

by
Will Eisner



This House
must **GO!**

We will give it
away **FREE!**

You pay
**ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING!**

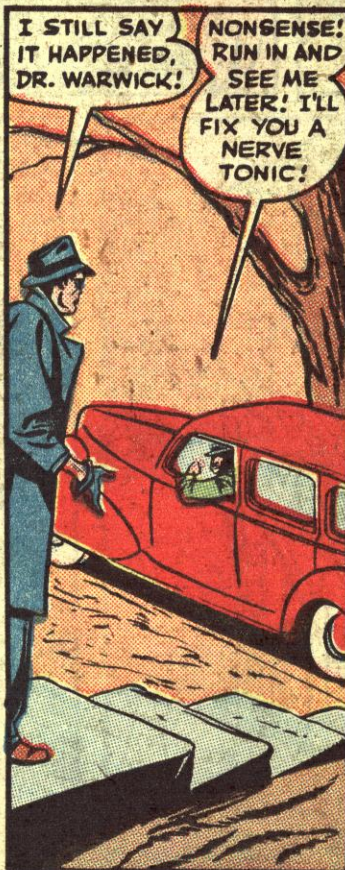
Inquire next door->

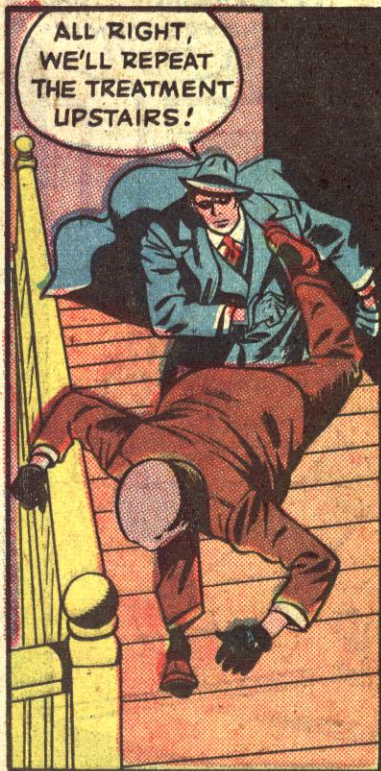
MIST'
SPIRIT BOSS--
DOES YO' SEE
WHAT **I**
SEES?

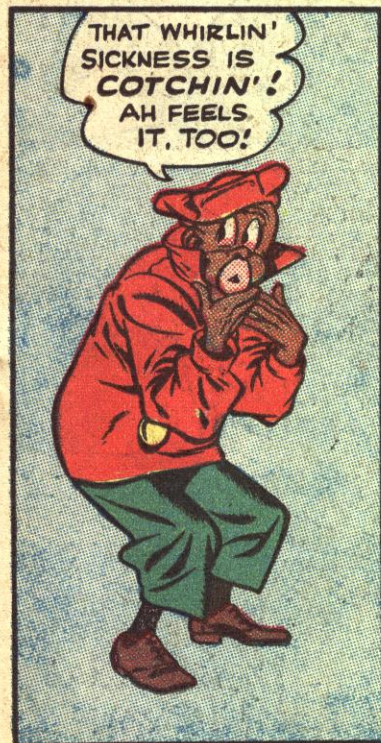
WITH THE
HOUSING PROBLEM
WHAT IT IS, THEY
WANT TO **GIVE**
THE PLACE
AWAY! LET'S
LOOK INTO
IT!

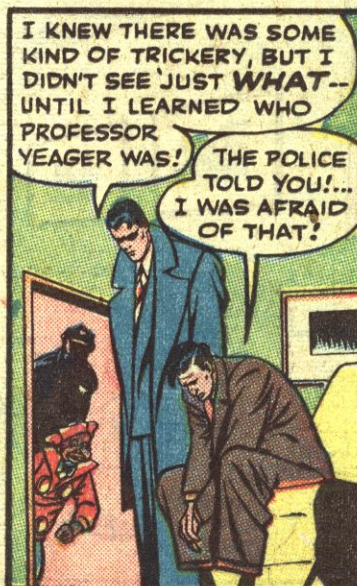
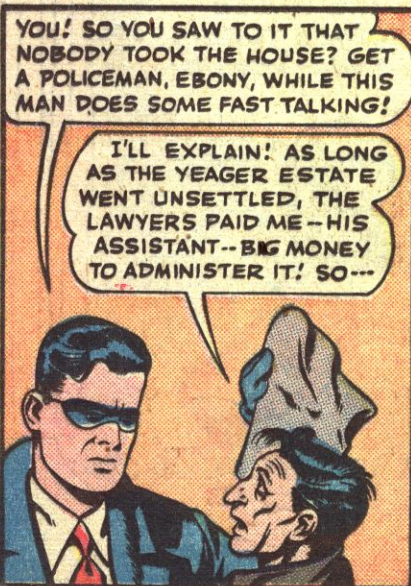
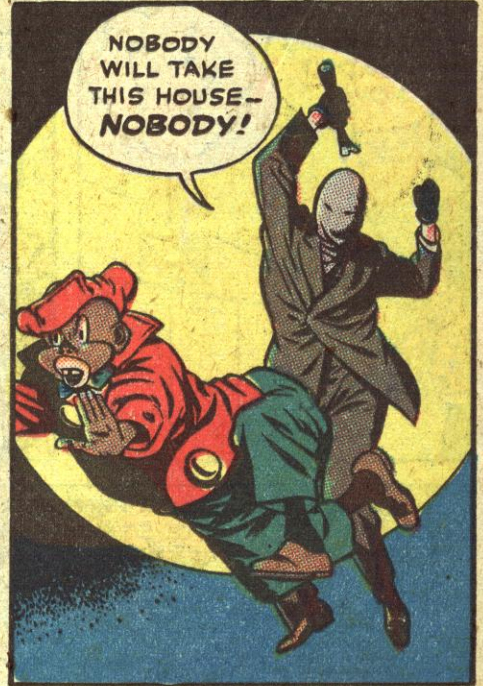




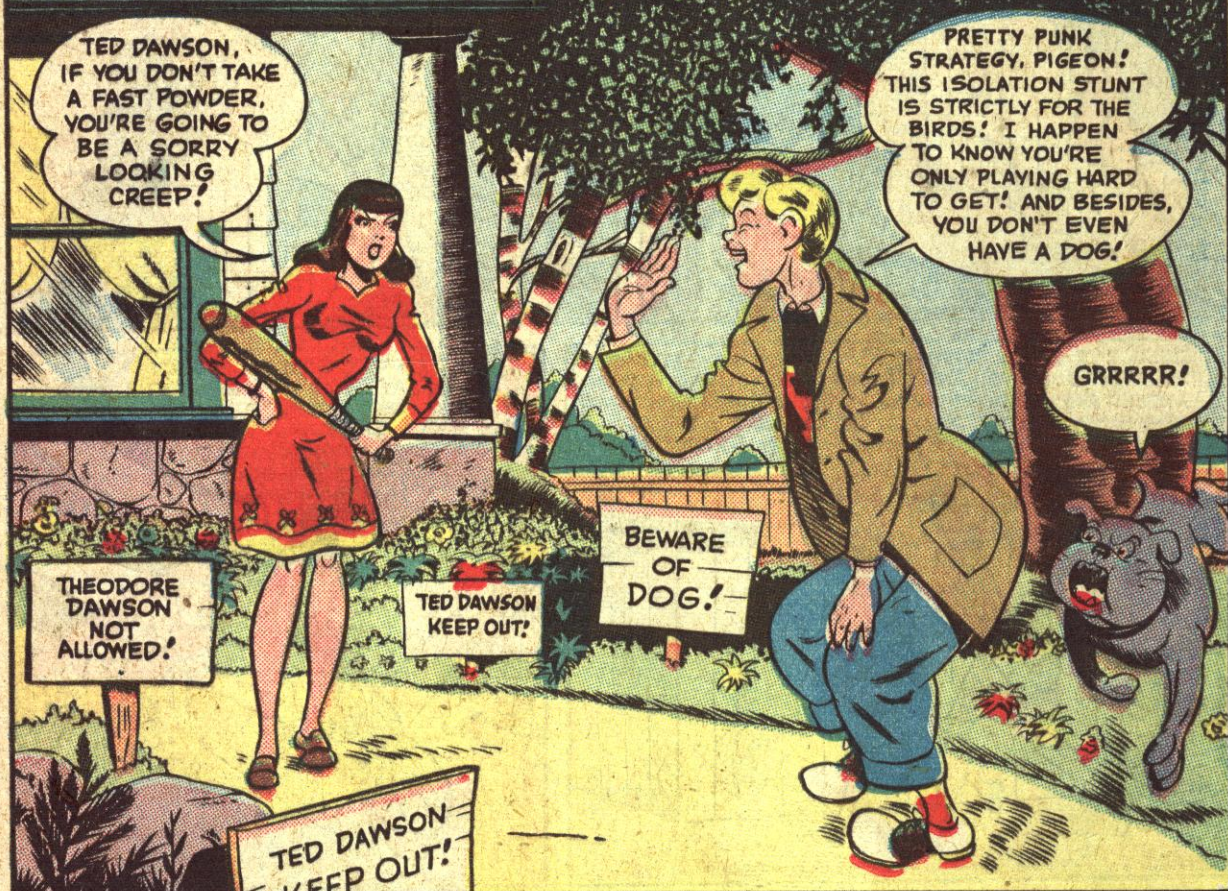


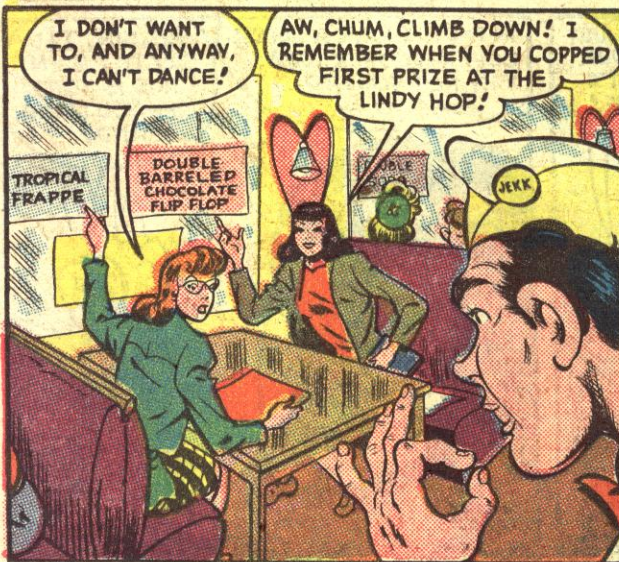
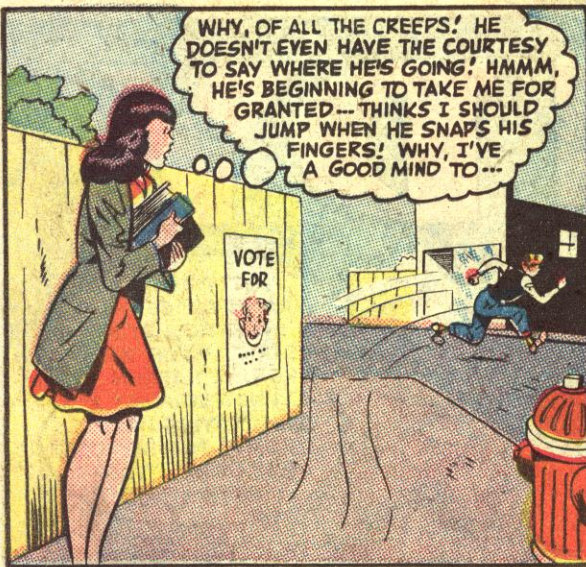


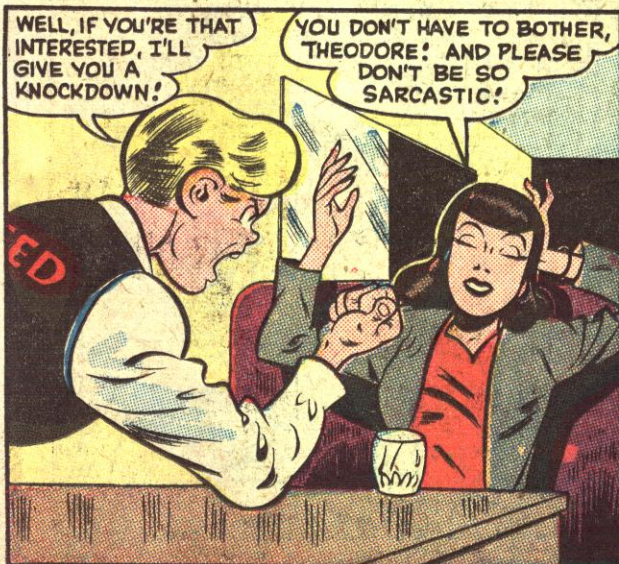
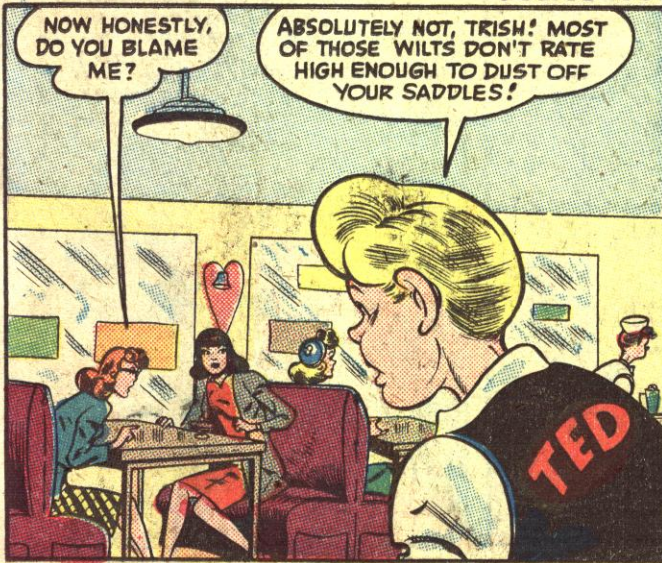




CANDY







POLICE COMICS

AW, TRISH, DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO PUT IN AN OAR FOR TED?... SAY, THERE'S DAD, AND HE'S TALKING TO MR. DREAM-BAIT, HIMSELF!



OH, HELLO, CANDY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THIS IS QUENTIN KENT FROM INDIAN FALLS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHOW HIM AROUND THIS EVENING?



WHY, DAD, I'LL BE GLAD TO!

WE'RE GIVING A DINNER FOR YOU AND SOME OF YOUR TEAM MATES! NOW DON'T BE LATE, QUENTIN!



NO, SIR, MR. O'CONNOR! I'LL BE ON DECK! GOSH, THIS IS GOING TO BE SUPER!



I'VE GOT TO HURRY TO GET TO THE DINNER, BUT IT SHOULD BE OVER BY EIGHT! I'LL PICK YOU UP THEN! OKAY?



OH, UH--SURE! AND BRING A DATE FOR TRISH --- REET?



OH, SWELL! I'LL BRING A FRIEND OF MINE ALONG! HE'S A RIGHT GUY! SEE YOU LATER!



HEY!



Eight o'clock...

TRISH, AREN'T YOU THRILLED? WHO WILL QUENTIN BRING? WHAT WILL HE LOOK LIKE! DOESN'T THE SUSPENSE INTRIGUE YOU?



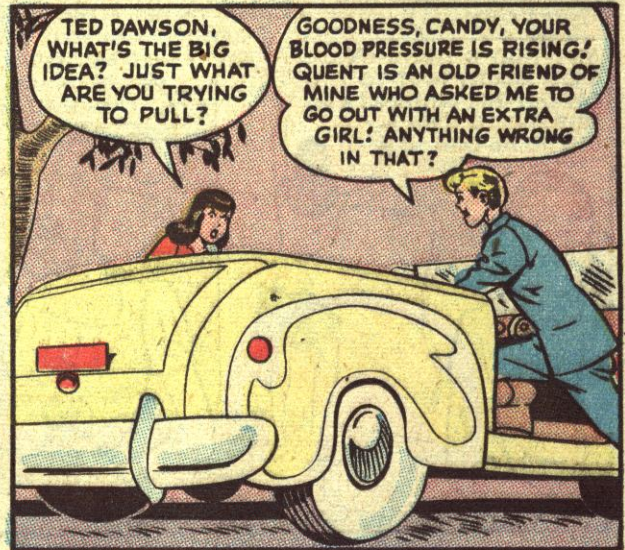
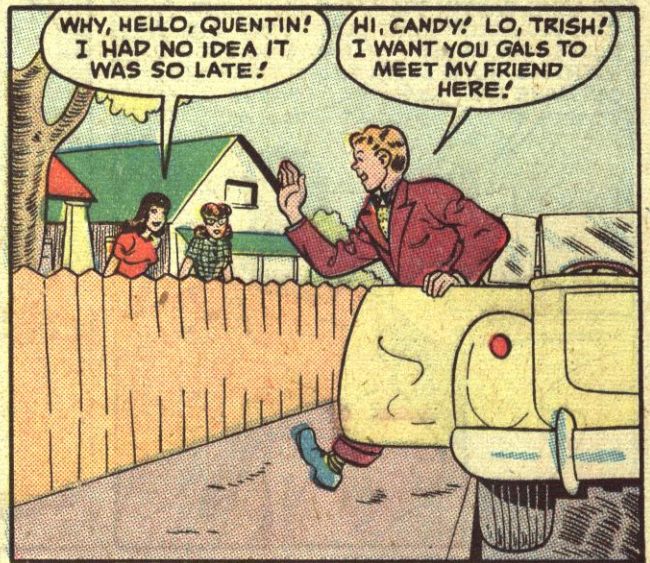
IT DOES NOT! I NEVER COULD SEE BLIND DATES!

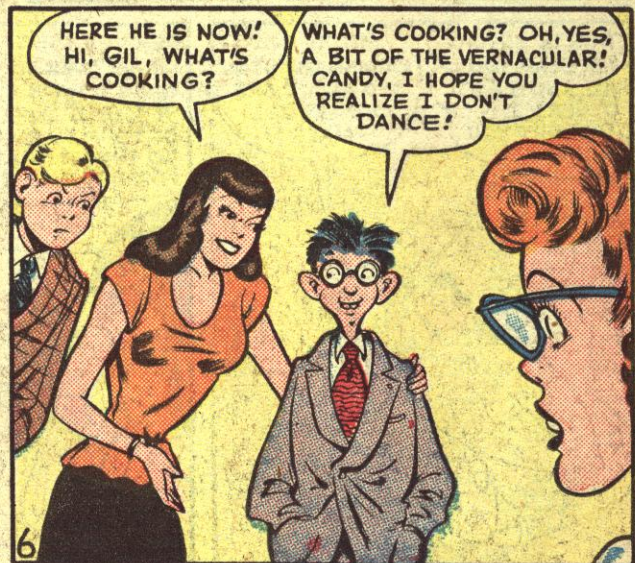
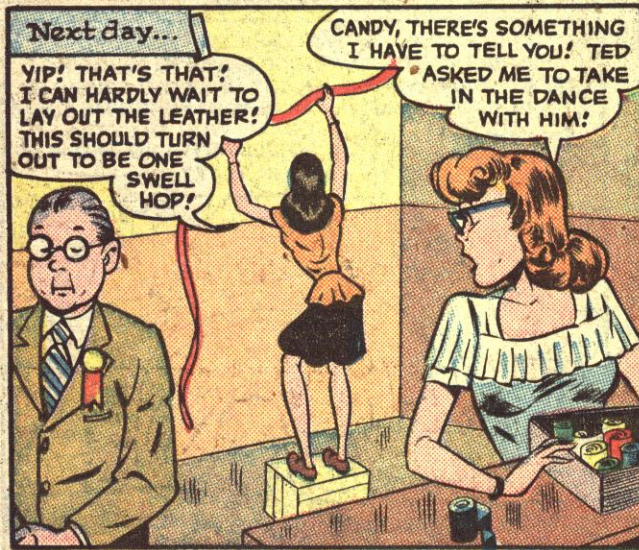
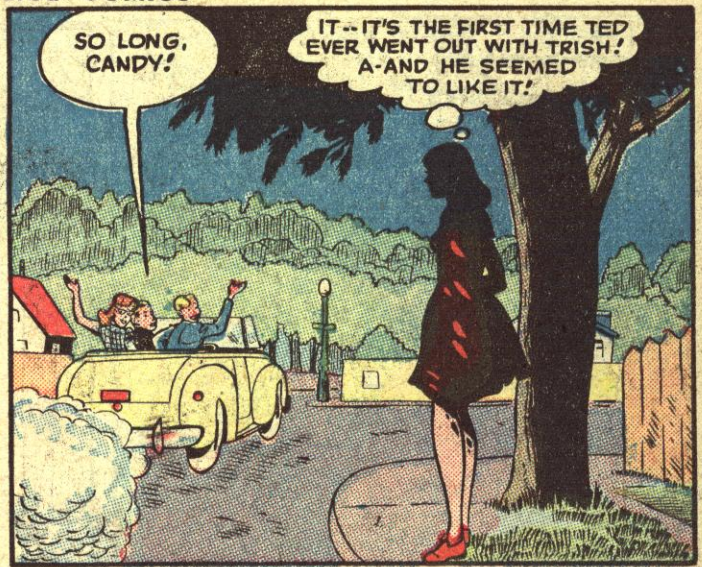
HA! NOT A BAD JOKE! CAN'T SEE BLIND DATES!

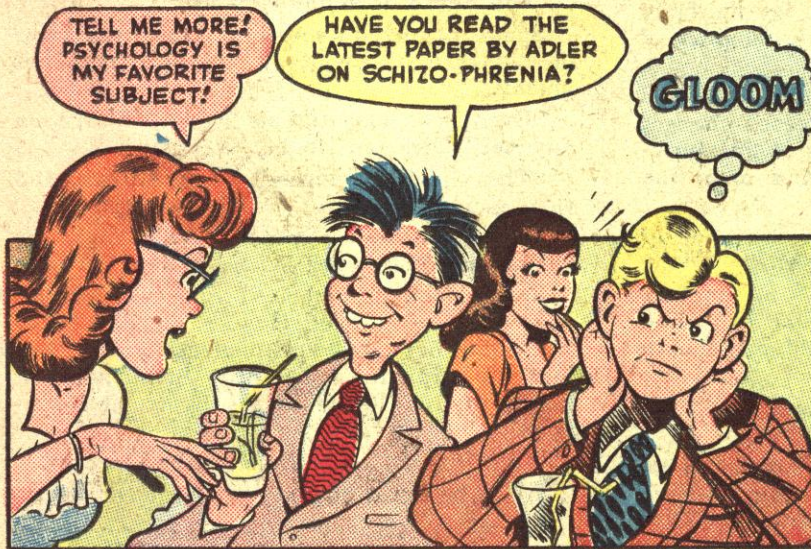


OH, CANDY, CUT IT OUT! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO GO HOME! I JUST KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A MISERABLE TIME WITH SOME DULL CREEP!









THE VANISHING BULLET

THE photo and fingerprint men had done their work. The coroner was on his way. Now a half dozen cops and plain clothes men milled about the room of death exchanging ideas and views.

The body lay sprawled on the thick carpet, a dark pool growing on the nap. The bullet had evidently gone entirely through the man's body, coming out under the left arm. The gun had been fired at close range. There were powder burns on the silk robe just above the breast on the right side.

There were no indications of a struggle in the room. The desk before which lay the body bore only a few papers and the usual litter of a busy desk.

It was a room of wealth. Beautifully bound books filled the walls. A huge record changer stood in one corner; other pieces of fine furniture made up the equipment of a man who spent much time in this room.

"What do you think, Dick?" asked one of the detectives. "Kinda puzzling, eh?"

Dick Mace nodded. "Very," he replied. "What gets me is the fact that we can't find the spent bullet. It went through him. It should be somewhere on the floor."

"We've searched with a fine comb," said the detective. "Nary a bullet."

Dick walked to the opposite side of the room, and squinted back in a line. "It should have hit the wall about here," he explained. "That is, if Smith was sitting at his desk the way we think he was."

Dick dropped to his knee and began another examination of the carpet. At last he stopped and drew out a magnifying glass. He held this over a tiny damp spot on the rug. He touched the spot with his fingers.

"Wet," he said tersely. "But what made it?"

One of the dicks grinned and nudged a fat cop in the side. "Prob'ly a drop of sweat from Mike's worried brow here," he said with a grin.

"Naw sir," said Mike. "I been moppin' me brow with me hankie."

"A tear mebbe?" offered another detective.

"Whose?" asked Mace. "Have there been any women in here?"

They all shook their heads. "No women."

"The mystery of the tear drop!" chuckled a cop. "But Dickie will solve it!"

Mace grinned. Then he looked ruefully at

the drop of moisture on the rug. "It'll soon be all dried up," he opined.

A small, wizened man came into the room, escorted by a heavy-footed sergeant of police.

"This here is Mr. Spaats," he told the room. "He's Mr. Smith's secretary."

Spaats wrung his hands and made small, dry sounds in his throat. "Oh, poor Mr. Smith!" he cried. "Who could have done this to him?"

"Have any ideas, Mr. Spaats?" asked Dick Mace.

"None whatever."

"Did Smith have any enemies?"

Spaats pondered a moment. "Not that I know of, but then nearly every successful man has enemies."

"Ever hear any threats against him from anyone?" Dick persisted.

"The chauffeur now—" began Spaats, and then paused.

"Yes," someone prompted. "What about the chauffeur? Who is he? Where is he?"

Spaats looked scared. "I didn't mean—his name is Howser. Fred Howser. He didn't like Mr. Smith because he claimed the boss worked him too hard; made him drive at all hours of the night. He's down in the basement I suppose."

"Get Howser," said Dick to the sergeant.

When he came, Howser was truculent, angry.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Trying to pin a rap on me? Well, I didn't do it—much as I'd like to."

Dick looked at the man. He didn't appear to be the murdering type; but you never could tell.

"When did you see Smith last?" asked Dick.

"'Bout midnight last night. I drove him to Lanier's, where he always eats."

"Did you drive him back home?"

The chauffeur shook his head. "Naw. He always walked back. Said it was good for his mind."

The coroner's examination was simple: Smith had died of a bullet wound—.38 or .45—through the body. From the position of the entering hole, suicide was ruled out.

"Then it was murder," said one of the detectives. "I thought so. But where the devil is the bullet? Where's the gun?"

"Whoever shot him carried the weapon

POLICE COMICS

away," said Dick. "What we're interested in is finding the person who shot him."

Spaats was nervous, walking back and forth.

"Just what was your capacity, Mr. Spaats?" Dick Mace put the question. "And how long have you been employed by the late Mr. Smith?"

"I was his private secretary. I've been with him a little more than 10 years. He—"

"Yes?" said Dick.

"He was a hard man to get along with," faltered the little man. "Blustery. Nothing ever pleased him. Like the chauffeur told you, he was full of odd whims."

Dick nodded. Then: "Do you know if he had made a will, Mr. Spaats?"

Spaats shook his head. "I've never heard. I suppose he did, though."

One of the detectives had pulled a picture aside and exclaimed when he discovered a small wall safe hidden behind it.

"You know the combination, Spaats?" Dick demanded.

The little man paused the briefest interval. "I—yes, I do know it. It's where Mr. Smith—"

"Open it," ordered Dick.

The secretary had the safe open in a moment. Dick reached inside and drew out a packet of papers. One he withdrew and opened it.

"Will," he said dryly. "Do you know what it says, Mr. Spaats? Evidently you do because I see you witnessed it. The thing was made out two years ago."

Spaats nodded. He was frightened.

"Smith's death leaves you very well fixed, Mr. Spaats," said Dick. "A little matter of \$50,000."

Spaats gulped. "I had no idea—"

"Of course," said Dick with a smile. "And that's why you murdered him, wasn't it?"

Spaats paled and looked sick. "But I tell you I didn't. I—even with his eccentricities, he was still my best friend."

"Friendship seldom stands in the way of personal gain," said Dick. "But we'll see—"

They found the missing revolver stuffed down in a potted plant. It was a .38 special.

"Just like in detective stories," said one of the plain clothes men. "But what does it prove? No bullet."

Dick grinned. "It proves only that a gun was used for the murder—I have a theory about the bullet."

Several clamoring newspapermen were milling about the penthouse apartment, demanding a story.

"There is no story as yet," Dick told them. "So far it's the case of the disappearing bullet."

"Are you going to solve it?" one of the news-men asked, pencil poised.

Dick grinned.

"Sure he's gonna solve it, lug," said a team mate. "Mace always solves 'em!"

Dick made an exploration of the kitchen and Spaats' room and found something that proved his own theory. He said nothing about it, however. He let the inspector grill Spaats and the chauffeur for a while.

"Spaats," said Dick after a moment, "isn't it true that you were once an industrial chemist?"

Spaats looked more frightened. "Yes," he said. "It was a long time ago—"

"Yes," said Dick softly. "But that single drop of moisture on the carpet here started me to thinking. There was no bullet, yet Mr. Smith had been shot with a bullet. Then I found this in your room." He held out an odd looking device.

"Bullet mold," said one of the detectives.

Dick nodded. "Exactly. And Spaats used it to mold a bullet—one that would disappear soon after it was fired. He molded a bullet of ice!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.; REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF POLICE COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

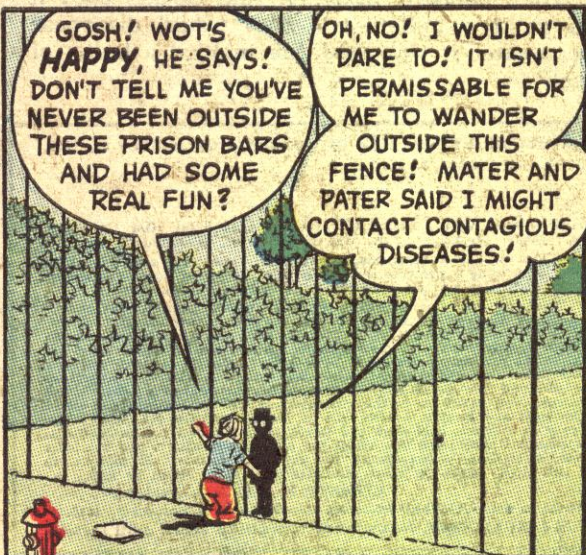
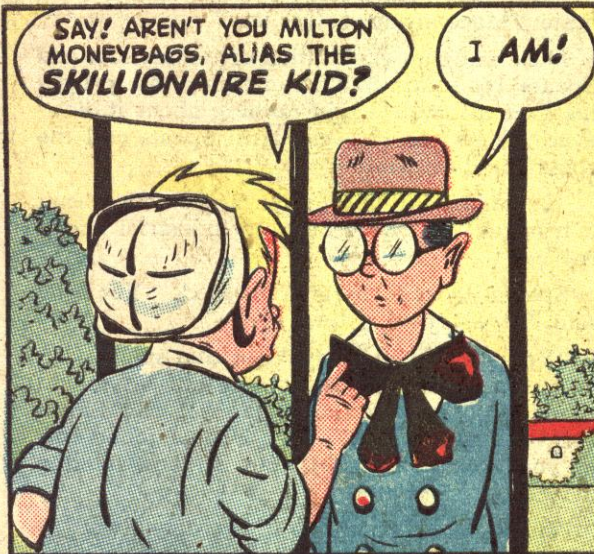
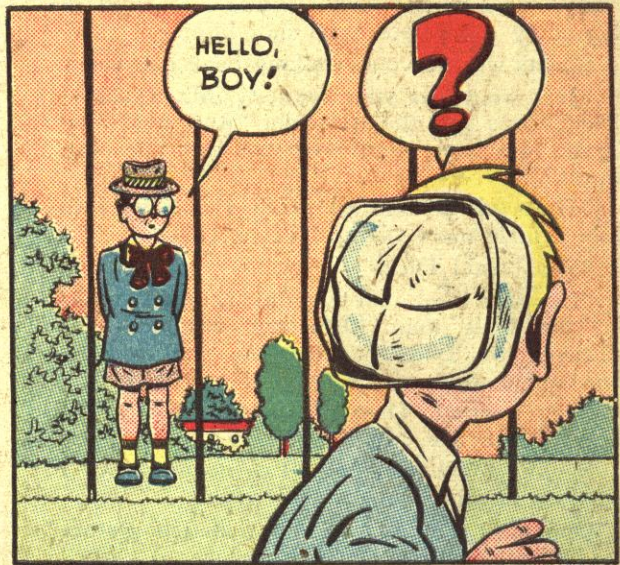
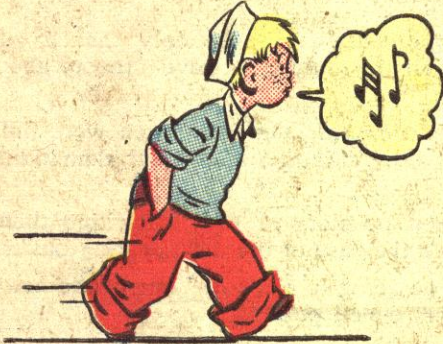
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1948.)

SPECKS



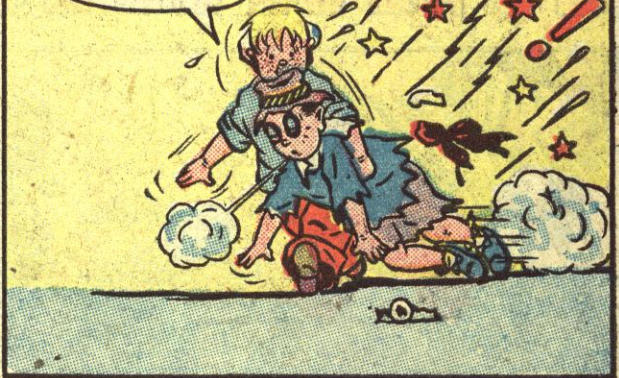
MISTER SPECKS, I'M WORRIED! WHAT IF MATEY AND PATER FIND OUT I SNEAKED OFF WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION?

STOP YER WORRYIN', MILTON! WE'LL ONLY BE GONE A HALF HOUR! BESIDES, YUH WANT ME TO SHOW YUH A GOOD TIME, DON'T YUH?



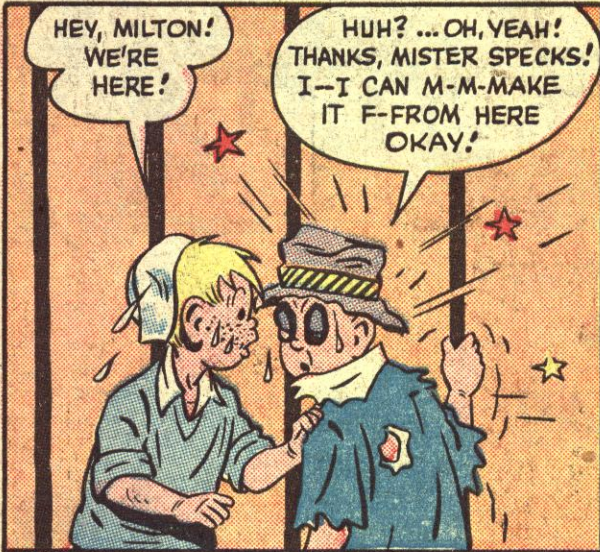
Five hours later...

STEADY, MILTON! STEADY, OL' BOY! YOU'RE DOIN' FINE! WE ONLY GOT NINE MORE BLOCKS TO GO!



HEY, MILTON! WE'RE HERE!

HUH? ... OH, YEAH! THANKS, MISTER SPECKS! I-I CAN M-M-MAKE IT F-FROM HERE OKAY!



OH, MISTER SPECKS!



YES, MILTON?

I-I DON'T WANT Y-YOU TO FEEL I'M IMPOSING UPON YOU, MISTER SPECKS, BUT---



--AS SOON AS I RECUPERATE, WOULD YOU MIND SHOWING ME **ANOTHER** GOOD TIME TOMORROW?



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MANHUNTER



It was not a fit night
for MAN or BEAST!

But the menace that
walked in the black
storm left a trail
of death and
destruction...

and it was up to
MANHUNTER and
his faithful dog,
THOR, to follow him
through the grim night!

Rain or shine, the police are on duty...but relief is welcome to Officer Dan Richards....



Then silence in the rainy night--until a faithful friend comes to the rescue!

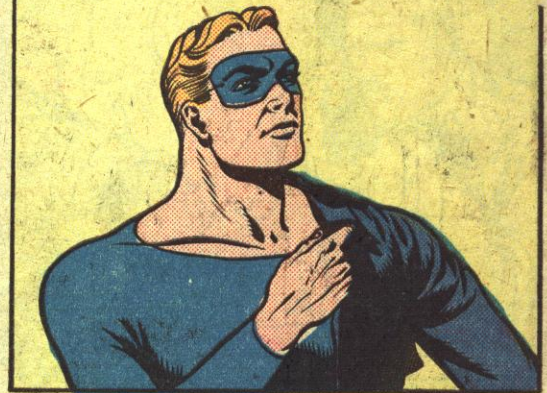


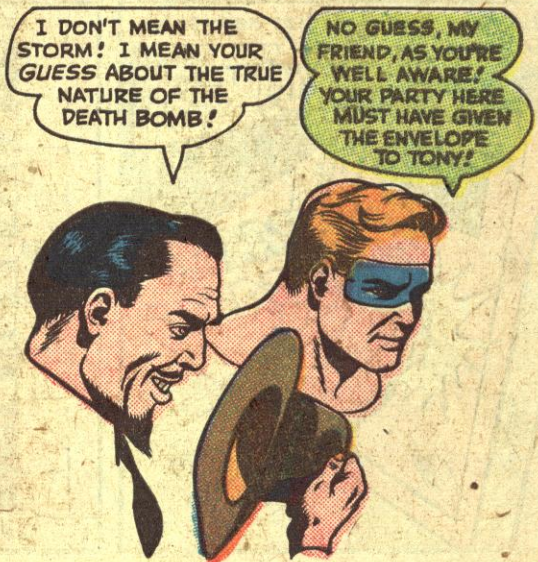
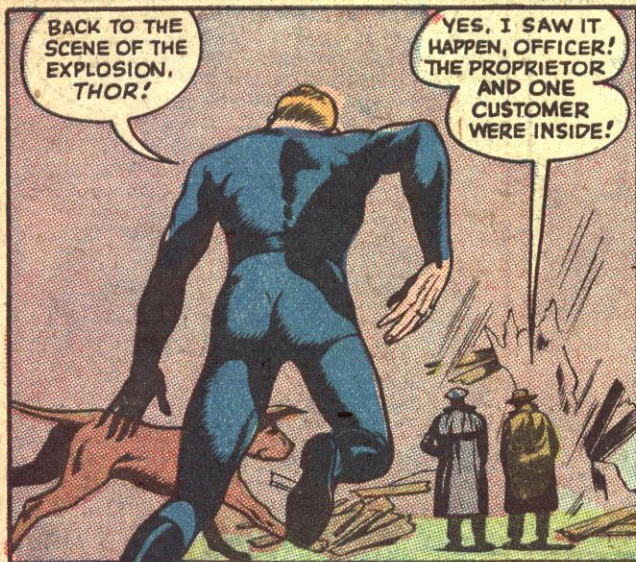


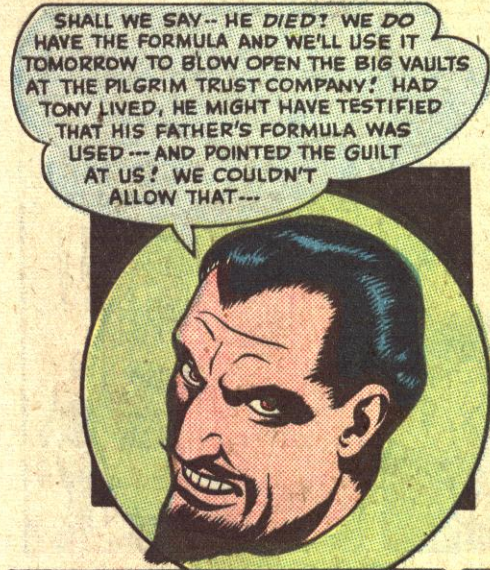
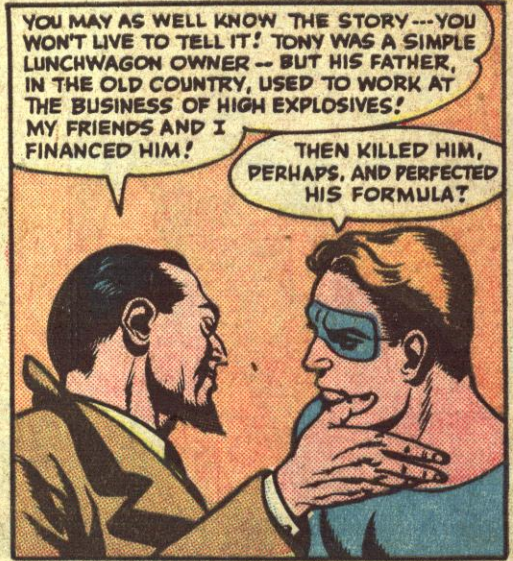
I'M ALL RIGHT, THOR --- ONLY SHAKEN UP! I WAS AWAY FROM THE EXPLOSION --- BUT TONY...



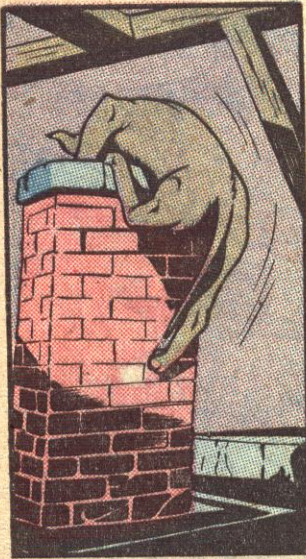
Saved from the explosion, Dan Richards becomes the fearless **MANHUNTER**!







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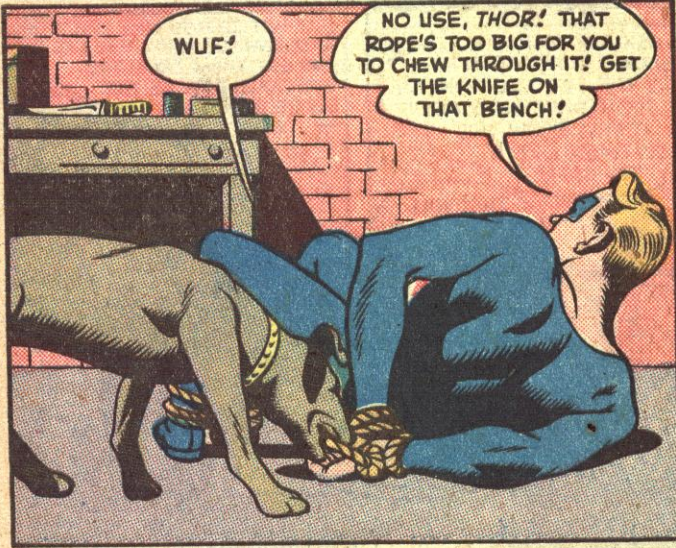


Dropping into the cellar, Thor sees no sign of Manhunter, but his unerring nose points the way....



RRRR...
RRRRR...

THOR! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT DOWN HERE, BUT THANK HEAVEN YOU DID!

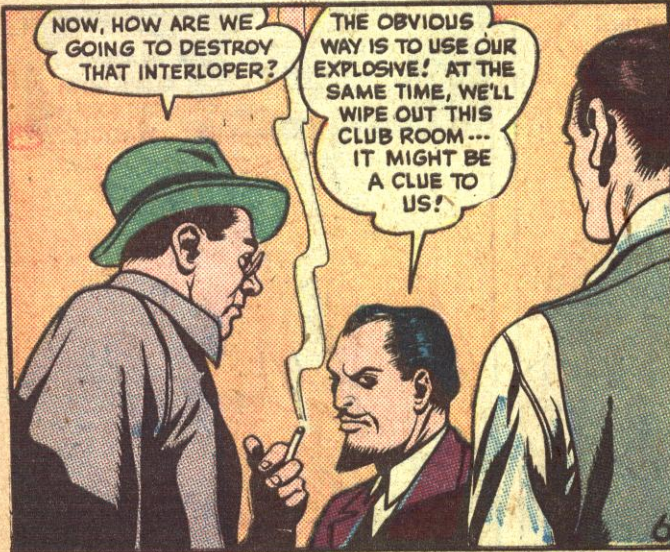


WUF!

NO USE, THOR! THAT ROPE'S TOO BIG FOR YOU TO CHEW THROUGH IT! GET THE KNIFE ON THAT BENCH!



THAT'LL DO THE TRICK! LET'S GO UPSTAIRS---MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEIR NEXT MOVE WILL BE!



NOW, HOW ARE WE GOING TO DESTROY THAT INTERLOPER?

THE OBVIOUS WAY IS TO USE OUR EXPLOSIVE! AT THE SAME TIME, WE'LL WIPE OUT THIS CLUB ROOM---IT MIGHT BE A CLUE TO US!



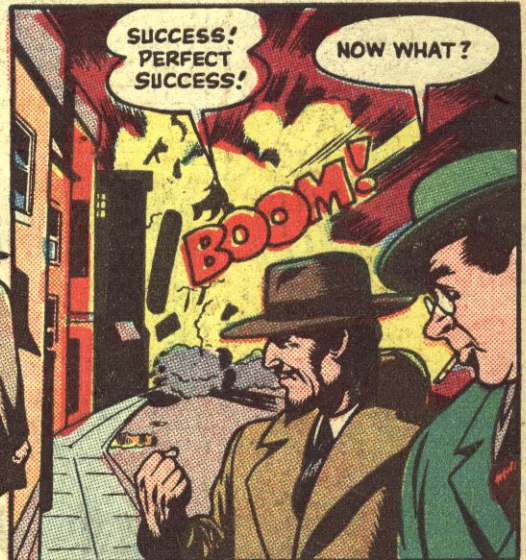
THERE, IN FRONT OF THE CELLAR DOOR---IT'S ENOUGH TO DESTROY THIS WHOLE BUILDING!

I'LL SET THE TIME FUSE TO GO OFF IN FIVE MINUTES! GATHER OUR NECESSARY EQUIPMENT AND WE'LL ALL LEAVE!

POLICE COMICS



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND NOT BE AROUND THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION THIS TIME!



SUCCESS! PERFECT SUCCESS!

NOW WHAT?



THE SAME TECHNIQUE AT THE PILGRIM TRUST THAT WORKED AT TONY'S LUNCH WAGON! THE GENERAL MANAGER IS MEETING ME THERE IN AN HOUR!

ALONE, EH? NO GUARDS OR POLICE AROUND, EH?



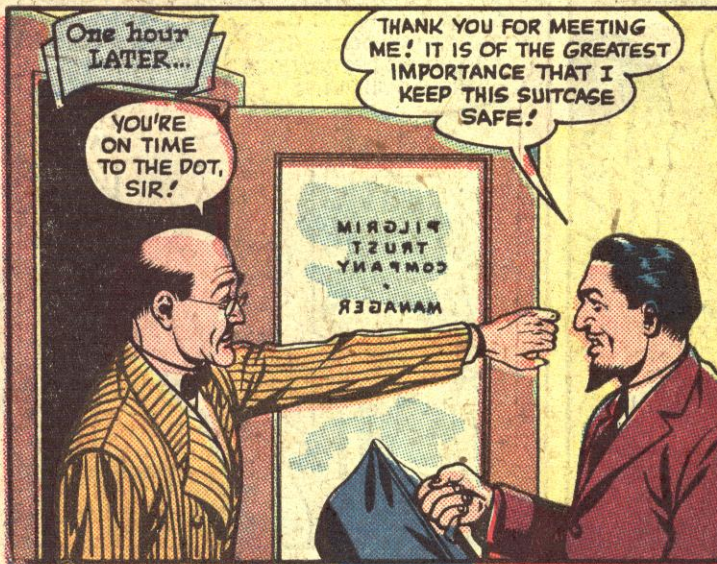
I'LL ASK HIM TO PUT MY VALUABLE SUITCASE IN HIS VAULT! IT'S SET TO GO OFF AN HOUR FROM THE TIME I MEET HIM! IT WILL BLOW THE VAULT OPEN LIKE A TIN CAN!

THAT WILL DESTROY MANY VALUABLE BONDS AND BANK NOTES!



BUT NOT THINGS LIKE GOLD AND JEWELS! WE'LL RUSH IN AND GET THEM FROM THE WRECKAGE BEFORE THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED AWAY!

THEN OFF TO PLAN ANOTHER SUCCESS!



One hour LATER...

YOU'RE ON TIME TO THE DOT, SIR!

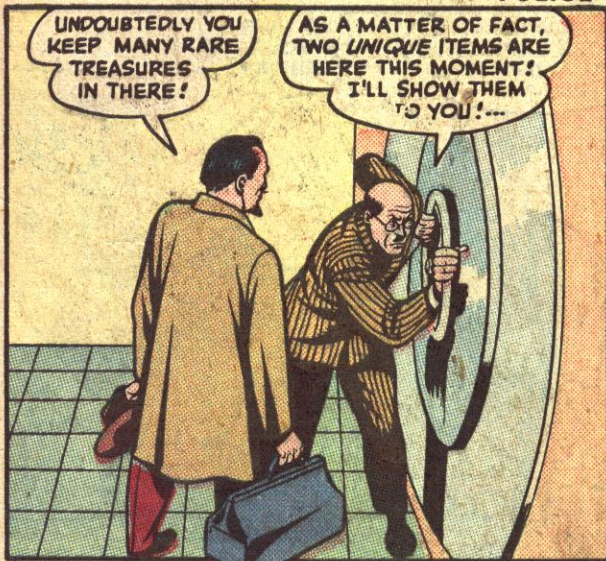
THANK YOU FOR MEETING ME! IT IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE THAT I KEEP THIS SUITCASE SAFE!

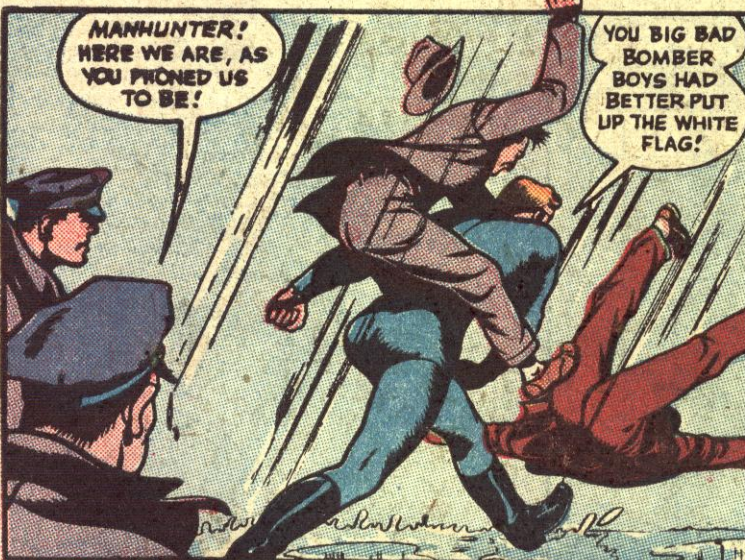
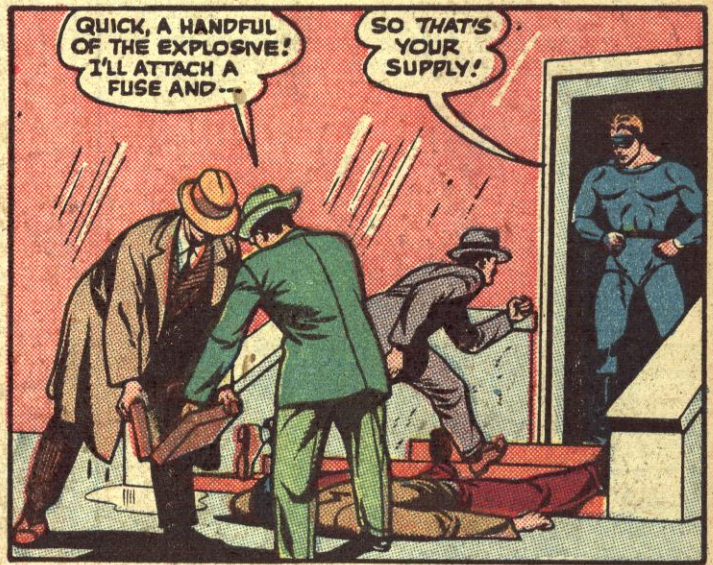


YOU WILL PUT IT IN YOUR STRONGEST VAULT?

GLADLY! COME WITH ME AND WATCH!

POLICE COMICS





THOR!
THOR!



CONFOUND HIM! HE
THINKS THAT THE TROUBLE'S
OVER AND THAT I'M
PLAYING SOME SORT
OF GAME!

ARF!
ARF!



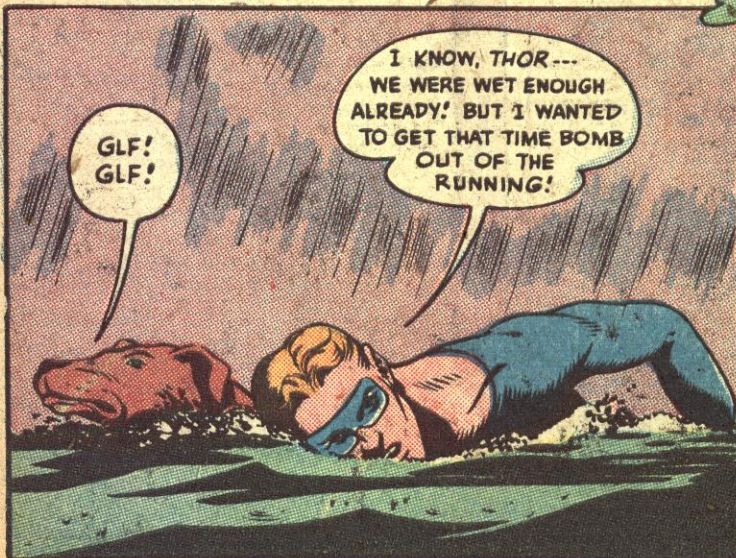
ANY MOMENT MAY
BE THE LAST ... THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING
TO DO!



SPLASH!

GLF!
GLF!

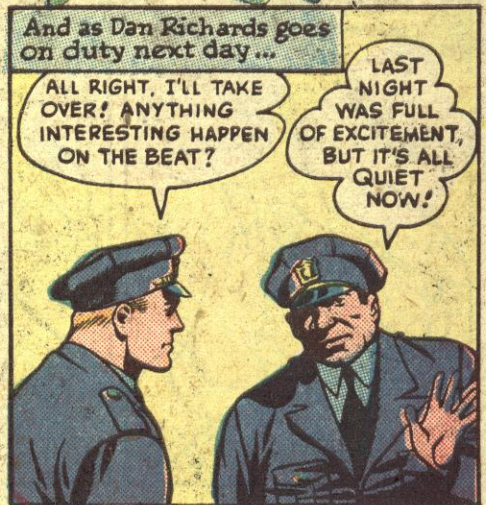
I KNOW, THOR ...
WE WERE WET ENOUGH
ALREADY! BUT I WANTED
TO GET THAT TIME BOMB
OUT OF THE
RUNNING!

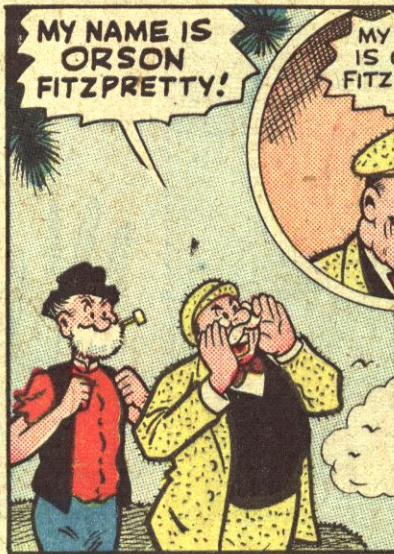
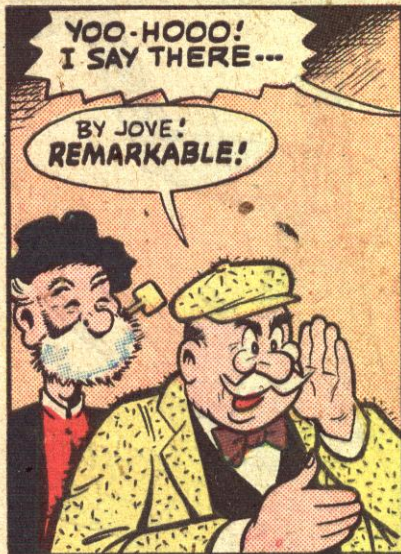
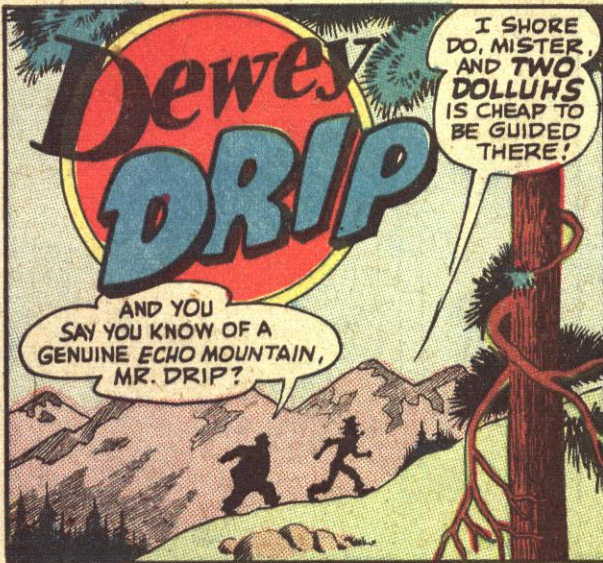


And as Dan Richards goes
on duty next day ...

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE
OVER! ANYTHING
INTERESTING HAPPEN
ON THE BEAT?

LAST
NIGHT
WAS FULL
OF EXCITEMENT,
BUT IT'S ALL
QUIET
NOW!

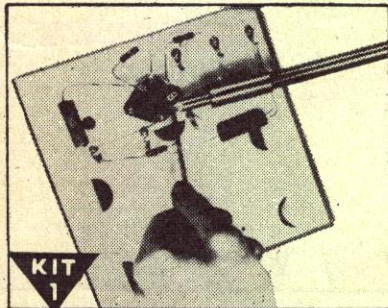




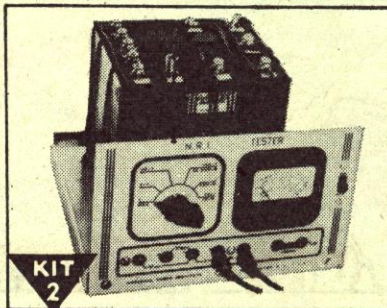


I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

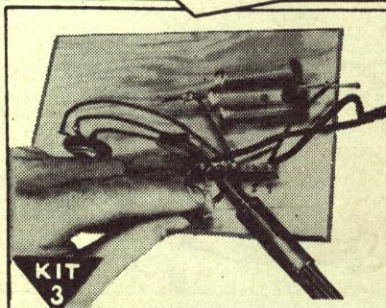
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



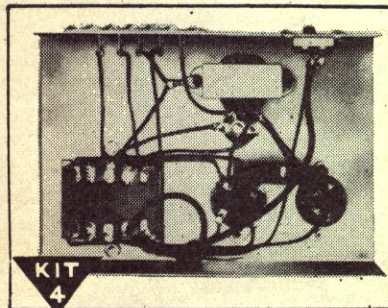
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



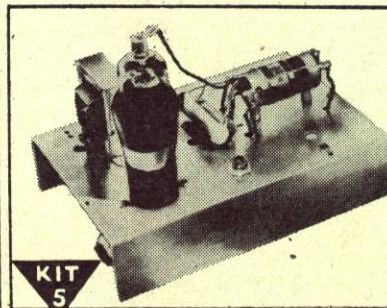
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



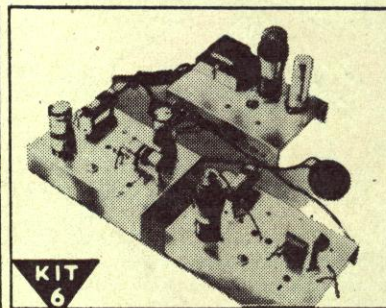
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

APPROVED
for training
under
G.I. BILL

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal
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National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

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Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 7DA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

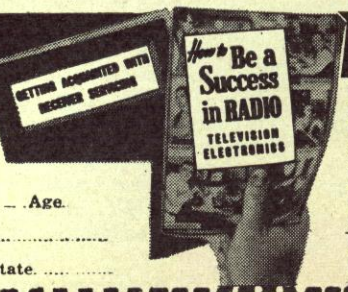
Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

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Frequency Modulation**



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DAISY'S
RED RYDER
A CARBINE



HEY FELLOWS!

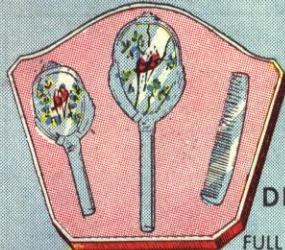
This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra.

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FALCON CAMERA
with Carrying Case.

16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of American seeds

PEN & PENCIL SET

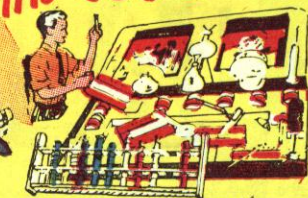


A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

STURDY AXE,
with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.



Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



Famous "Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

Swivel Head Flashlight

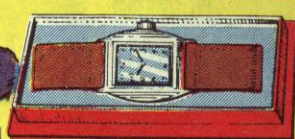


"Nothing else like it" Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order, of seeds



WRIST WATCH

A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.



OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and

Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.

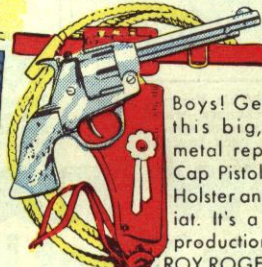


A big, husky **HUNTING KNIFE,** with Leather Sheath.

Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

Republic Pictures Star



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of **ROY ROGERS'** own Gun; with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



Roy Rogers
"King of the Cowboys"

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 420, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 420 LANCASTER, PA.

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My choice of prize is _____

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R. F. D. Box
or Street No. _____

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State _____

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